

# THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Aug. 7, 1938



## Men As Her Stepping-Stones

by Maysie Greig

CHAPTER I

Jeff Brown.

SALLY shook out the new dress. Holding it before her, she turned slowly in front of the cracked bedroom mirror. A pretty dress of muslin, a cheap dress, for Sally could afford nothing but the cheapest. On the twenty-fifth a week she earned at the brush factory she had to support not only herself but her stepmother. Mrs. Carson was lying now on the rickety narrow bed, surveying the girl and the dress with a faintly derisive smile.

"Guess you paid a heap for that dress," she said. There was a slight hiccup in her voice. She had been drinking.

"Oh, not so much, mother," Sally returned quickly. "Only two-middy-five."

"Fine dress for that," the old woman muttered. "And it'll suit you fine, Sally. You're a nice-looking kid, but I guess you've been told that. I guess men have told you that, eh?" She raised herself to her elbow and smiled knowingly at Sally.

Sally's small, vivid face hardened. If only she could conquer the sense of aversion, almost disgust, her stepmother aroused in her. She hated, living with her, but what could she do? She couldn't turn the old woman out into the streets to starve, but it was a hard fight for Sally to support them both. Hard for a girl of nineteen to be the breadwinner of the family.

Mrs. Carson went on talking. She was in a garrulous mood that early evening.

"You're too pretty a kid to be wasted on the men down here," she said to Sally. "Why don't you strike out for yourself, pick up some fine fellows, rich fellows who'll be useful to you, men who will do a girl in your position some good?"

Sally tossed back the red lock of hair that fell over her white forehead. A fiercely independent gesture, typical of the girl. She was very lovely, standing there before the mirror, slim and defiant, her burning copper head shining in the

last rays of the sunlight that came in through the small dingy window. Her golden shaded eyes were large and angry.

"But I've told you I don't want to know other men, mother," she said curtly. "And as for rich fellows, I hate them. I despise them! They only want one thing from girls like me."

The older woman chuckled. "Maybe," she said. "But maybe again if you're clever you don't have to give them more than you want to, see? If I were a girl and as beautiful as you, I'd use men as my stepping-stones. I'd use them to get me out of the rut we're living in. I'd use them to get me fine clothes and a grand time. You don't have to give them more than you want to—not if you're clever."

Sally swung towards her.

"But that's cheating, mother," she said harshly. "I've always felt it was cheating to get things like that. I don't want to use men. I don't think much of girls who use men, either."

"Baw, you're a fool, Sally!" her stepmother returned. "You don't know what's good for you."

"Perhaps I don't," Sally said shortly. "But I've got my pride."

"Pride doesn't get you very far in this world," her stepmother retorted. "It's all very well to have pride if you're rich. But us—us poor people—what's the use of pride to us? My idea is to get all you can and it doesn't matter how you get it."

Sally compressed her red lips together tightly. She was antagonistic to everything her stepmother said, but she knew from experience the danger of quarreling with the old lady.

"Where are you going tonight, Sally?" Mrs. Carson asked.

"I'm going with Jeff Brown and some others

(Continued on Page 13).

# Finns Rise Out Finnish Feet, Baths and Colds

SCIENCE, in its patient determination to find out what makes the whole world tick, recently has focused attention on such diverse subjects as Finns and feet, baths and colds. As usually happens, its conclusions are as remarkable as they are unexpected. The Finns, for example, are found to have a natural and mysterious malady which might be called "miser entanglement." It is an abdominal "twisting up" of the intestines into a kind of knot which when it pulls tight threatens the Finn with death.

Baths turn out to be the surest remedy for this ailment, weakening and had for people, especially if they take too many of them or don't eat enough, because the water washes away valuable vitamins from the skin. As for colds, these are now curable by snake venom. And feet are bathed in electrically-charged baths of silver. That is, the foot is "plated" with silver, and this automatically cures athlete's foot, ringworm, and other infections.

No doubt the "poison cure" for colds is the most surprising of the announcements by scientific investigators. The serpent venom is made into a salve that is actually sold in Vienna as a remedy for hay fever, grippe, and even influenza. This ointment is a mixture of several snake serums, especially that of the cobra, deadly native of India. It may be put in the nostrils or rubbed on the skin.

The discovery is not as fantastic as it may seem because in fact medical experiments already had proven that small doses of "snake-juice" have a powerful influence on blood vessels. The snake's "bite" has been used in diluted form for injections when a person bleeds too much or his blood won't clot. In the same way, snake poison is used to stop bleeding from gums after teeth are pulled.

Now the disagreeable part about colds, the "stuffed-up" feeling, is caused by membranes swollen from congested blood in the nose. The theory is that in its new use for colds, hay fever, or grippe, the snake venom makes the nasal blood vessels shrink. As a result the patient is relieved while Nature takes care of the ailment. While the snake-salve is not completely accepted by Vienna doctors, they doubt that it will do any harm, which is more than can be said for baths according to a scientific study made in another part of the world.

Miss Agnes C. Heimer and Reverend Cornelius H. Hansen, whose report was recently announced by the Institution Divi Thomas in Cincinnati, are the investigators of the institution of the baths whose results are found in "warming water."

In four series of experiments on high school youths, the water in which these washed themselves after gymnasium exercise was carefully collected.

The skin before washing, as well as the water after washing, was exposed to ultraviolet rays, and concentrated oil material was extracted. This oil, taken from both the skin and the wash water, was then fed to laboratory rats suffering from the dreadful bone disease that results from a lack of Vitamin D.

Nearly all the rats got better, indicating that Vitamin D or its oily raw material was lost by the young men in their baths. In the world where people suffer with it, the lack of Vitamin D in baths may be a serious matter.

This however is not so serious in the United States where there is an abundance of foods with Vitamin D in them. A slight increase in a normal day's eating takes care of the body's vitamin loss in baths.

But it can be imagined that there have been times and countries in which Vitamin D was something to be conserved. Such a shortage was found in the past with the belief among primitive peoples that baths are dangerous, or something sacred to be taken rarely and with great ceremony. And for people who don't eat enough, the loss of vitamin in baths may be a serious matter.

Many a European cold miser still believes that backs should not be washed because it means a loss of strength—and such an idea may be the source of superstition and survey abhors. Even the ancient Romans, who were crazy about taking baths, were cautious enough to rub in their bodies with oil afterwards, thus replacing the valuable vitamin that the baths took away.

In still another part of the world, Finland, a national mystery has been brought out by recent studies of Dr. R. Vainio of the University of Helsinki. Finland is almost the only country in the world where people suffer with it, instead of get twisted into knots like tangled skeins of wool often fatally. Why this happens nobody seems to know, but the research by Dr. Vainio seems to indicate that it is a hereditary trait. Diet doesn't seem to cause it.

Last but not least among scientific surprises comes a new treatment for athlete's foot, a silver bath. The sufferer of athlete's foot, ring worm or similar fungus infection of the skin merely has to put his foot in an electrically charged bath of silver compound.

The difficulty with athlete's foot in the past has been that the microscopic fungus won't stay on the skin's surface, for an antiseptic can easily kill it. It burrows deep in, sending tiny filaments like roots into the skin. It's not easy for chemical killers to get at the buried roots, and so Dr. Kar Harper of Montefiore Hospital, in New York City, devised the electric silver bath, and this was recently reported by the Medical Society of the State of New York.

The skin is immersed in a solution of silver compound with an electrode to carry the current. This causes millions of silver atoms to migrate through every tube or crack between the skin cells, including every burrow of the fungus filaments. It soon disposes of the worst of the infection.

# Still Doodling the Child Marriage Ban "Mother India"

BOMBAY, India. WHEN the Sarda Act of 1929 was passed to banish the wicked custom of child marriages in "Mother India," the pessimists said it wouldn't work out, and now it looks as if they were right. Every year thousands of baby girls are still being married to grown men, and this is done by clever subterfuge, so that the law is helpless to stop them.

Because the Sarda Act was the first effort to suppress a custom that has the age-old sanction and in fact the stipulation of Hindu and other religions of India, it has had to fight the entire weight of the tradition. To millions of people in India, where an ancestor can do no wrong, it seems ridiculous for a law to forbid what their forefathers practiced when their religion prescribed it.

Being the first of its kind isn't the only handicap of this law, however. By the same token of being unprecedented, the Sarda Act had to be made mild in order to get the support of the legislators and men of importance who were against any sudden social change. As a result the Act contains numerous loopholes which the priests of India and the unscrupulous lawyers have not been slow to find.

The more the law opposes the practice, the more the greedy Hindu boys, because they can't marry their own girls, have to raise their prices accordingly.

Just as the bootleggers became more powerful in the community when the Prohibition Amendment sent the value of their product soaring, so the religious acrobats of India are putting the Sarda Act to good account.

They have themselves become the tools of large syndicates that arrange the forbidden marriages, but they would not think of complaining because they are being paid handsomely for the part they play.

In many Indian states, as well as in "foreign" territory said to include the French possessions near Calcutta and Madras, and the Portuguese territory at Goa, a new professional group has sprung up, known as "marriage brokers."

Any parent who wishes to marry off a baby girl or a baby boy can easily do so by making arrangements with these racketeers. The actual ceremony is always performed just "over the border" from British territory. There are about 200 Indian States, and in just there is plenty of opportunity for the business to flourish.

Often the border-line is just a road, or a stream, or even a line of stones. A short jaunt is frequently all that is necessary for a Hindu to get from British India to non-British India, and so he is out of the region where the law against child marriages applies. Some of the Indian States allowing the wicked practices have found it adds handsomely to their coffers. A special price of \$40 is fixed for each marriage, but this is usually only the beginning, like a cover charge at a night club. It's the extras and the services that bring this way up. There is, for example, a heavy tax charged for the use of a house or room for this purpose. There are fees for priests and assistants. Even the ceremonial lamp at present costs about \$15 for a short time, and special catering arrangements are made, and every convenience can be had, at a price.

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In Chandernagore, the French settlement 22 miles from Calcutta, it is reported that house property regarded ten years ago as useless and worthless has undergone a regular boom, so much is it in demand for these weddings of men of all ages to baby girls.

Exorbitant rents are supposed to be charged for the use of a room or a suite of rooms for the day or two necessary. The cost of such weddings naturally varies according to the wealth of the customer. If the parties to the marriage are unusually rich, the entire marriage is held on the spot, including feasting and merry-making. Since Indian weddings sometimes last for days on end, such functions are real money-makers for the community in which they take place.

But if the participants don't have much cash, they borrow a few hundred rupees, and get married across the border after having the necessary preliminaries at home. The wedding procession goes either by boat or bullock-cart, and this too is an expense, because a toll is often charged against both vehicles and passengers at the border.

It is estimated that more than 1,500 of these prosperous colonies have mushroomed all over India. But why is a native so eager to spend so much money on his marriage, and why does he persist in marrying children in spite of the law against it?

The answer to both is his religion. According to the doctrines of the Hindu and many of the other creeds in India as well, man only attains heaven as a father of sons, and the degree of his salvation depends on the number of his progeny.

So to save his soul as best he can, he tries to marry the youngest girl he can get. In this way she can have a longer span of years during which she can provide children to her master.

Also, poor parents have been compelled to give up their children at an earlier and earlier age all the time, often because keeping a daughter at home is an intolerable increase the penalties, which usually consist of a small fine. And since many Indian marriages are mainly a financial proposition anyway, few husbands will mind paying back just how much their law-abiding wife has been the rule rather than the exception.

But a new law has just been passed in the Central Legislative Assembly that will tighten the old Sarda Act. Child marriages will be forbidden to British subjects no matter where they are performed. That is to say, any parent, priest or husband connected with a child marriage performed outside British India will still be liable to all the penalties of the Act.

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# Don't Die Yet Because He Is A Sick Man

MONTREAL. ONE OF Canada's strangest criminal cases is that of Kenneth Brown, from Vermont, who topped off a career as crook by murder. Four times the former grocer's clerk was to have died on the scaffold in the courtyard of Montreal Jail, and four times he has failed to keep his appointment.

The last time he was supposed to meet his finish was at dawn, January 28, but as usual Kenneth was not there. He was, in fact, too sick to die.

It all goes back to April, three years ago. Late afternoon on a sunny day, Brown, together with an ex-convict who had turned racketeer, entered the country store of W. Keith Baldwin, at Baldwin Mills in the province of Quebec. It happened that Baldwin, a former Member of Parliament for the district, was one of the most widely known personages in the region, and this particular day he was in the store alone.

"Stick 'em up," announced Brown in approved gunman fashion as he stepped through the doorway and pulled a gun on the former legislator. Brown's partner, Lucien "Red" Morin, stayed in the background.

Baldwin hesitated, as if cowed by the man who had him covered. Then he lashed out with his fist, but the young gunman jumped out of the way and, instead of shooting, brought his weapon down across the storekeeper's head, once, twice, and a third time.

The storekeeper dropped to the floor moaning, but Brown followed up his attack and struck the old man again and again. He tied Baldwin, put a gag in his mouth, and then without hesitating to carry out the plan of robbing the store the two thieves fled.

But Baldwin, suffering from a fracture of the skull, did not die at once. He lived long enough to be discovered by a neighbor and to snarl out a good description of his assailants.

The police acted swiftly and in a few hours "Red" Morin was delivered to headquarters, trapped in the net that had been spread. He soon named Brown as the killer and



Because the Conyell in the Death House Developed Tuberculosis, the Doctors Have Not Once But Repeatedly Declared Him to Be "Too Sick" to Die.

brought about his capture and conviction on a charge of murder.

Morin told the trial judge and jury that Brown had written him from Vermont suggesting the robbery and it was Brown's plans which put the holdup tragedy into effect. He also insisted that it was Brown who struck and killed the storekeeper.

The jury, accepting Morin's evidence, returned a rapid verdict of guilty.

For his assistance as a Crown witness, Morin was let off with a short prison term, but Brown was sentenced to death by the noose.

Brown had his attorneys file an appeal, and the legal marionette long to be untangled that the lawyers asked the date of execution be changed. But the higher court judges pronounced the verdict of the lower court just and legal and again condemned Brown to be hanged on May 28.

For the second time it looked as if the fate of Vermont's first murderer would be changed. But before the scheduled necessary number of days, Brown fell a victim to tuberculosis. Nevertheless, he was put in a special death cell, and it looked as if things would work out as scheduled.

Three days before his execution date, the message came that again kept him from dying. The Minister of Justice at Ottawa had ordered the execution to be delayed, on the request of prison doctors.

The doctors had reported, "Brown is too sick to be taken to the scaffold."

And so for a third time the authorities set a date of execution, August 27, 1931.

But Brown lay in bed, wasting slowly away. Doctors predicted he would die before his appointment with the hangman would come around again.

They were partly right and partly wrong. He was still alive when the time came for him to die officially, but he was not hung because he was still too sick. Prison authorities, now thoroughly puzzled about the whole thing, were forced to ask the Minister of Justice for a new reprieve. His execution for the fourth time was reset for January 28 of this year. The theory was that he would be much better after so many months of rest, and that by delaying his execution that long it would more readily be consummated at the appointed time.

Meanwhile Brown's weight had fallen from 160 pounds to 67 pounds. Everybody agreed it was only a matter of days before he would die from paralysis and thus cheat the gallows. But the days, weeks, and months went by, and there was January, and Brown was still alive, still too sick to

# Making Flying Safer With Music

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To stop this flitting with death, the French engineers experimented with the principle of the echo.

Musical, or to be more correct, musical sound, is now used by means of their new instrument to indicate the distance to earth in exact terms. The precise instrument registers the slightest change in the distance between earth and plane. Rollo topography can be exactly recorded hills can be outlined, and so can valleys and peaks.

The new system of "acoustic height measurement," as it is technically called, is based on the principle that sound always travels at the same rate of speed. A sound sent from an airplane will therefore measure, by the time it gets back, just how much nearer or more distant the earth is getting.

The key to the new instrument is an electric whistle which sends out a sound inaudible to human ears, but which only an infinitesimal fraction of a second. A receiver captures the echo on the rebound from the ground and filters it.

Transmitted to the time-measuring instrument, the sudden sound took to travel is automatically translated into terms of feet. The pilot has only to glance at a clock face to know the exact elevation. The pressure of a button causes the instrument to "play" its unheard music, and a button makes the dial register the changing distance from the ground every two seconds. By means of it, an airplane can even land in a fog.

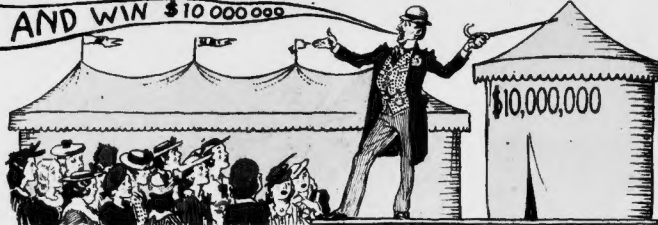
In the course of their experiments, the French inventors discovered that the sound made by the whistle and carried by the ground must be a musical sound, that is, a sound with the vibration frequency of a musical note. This is the only kind of sound which can be heard and faint and still be distinguished from the racket of the motors and propellers.

# Read The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack

It's the most original and interesting household feature published. Turn to Page 16 of this magazine. You may win \$50 while you are getting practical, appetizing recipes. You will find nowhere else.

# 3 Women Couldn't Tame Him—Even for \$10,000,000

## TAME HIM AND WIN \$10,000,000



**That's What Two Wives of Rich and Adventurous Mr. Brandeis Admitted When They Got Divorces and Alimony As Part of the Reward for Trying—Now Wife No. 3 Gives Up and She Also Is Given a Consolation Prize**

First to Take Up the \$10,000,000 Challenge—Madeleine Franks, Who Couldn't Tame Mr. Brandeis. Six Up and Be. But She Got Half a Million for Trying.

It is worth \$10,000,000 to any woman who can tame me.

This offer, said to have been made by Ervino John Brandeis, known as the "widest lover in the world," interested quite a lot of fair competitors. Three of whom actually got the "Nebraska wild man" inside the cage of matrimony, but all failed. However, the first two collected consolation prizes in the form of alimony far greater than a lady lion-tamer could earn in a lifetime, and now the third one wants the courts to make her rich for life.

Why young Mr. Brandeis wanted to be tamed is not known. Domesticated men, like domesticated animals, live longer in captivity but they don't have as much fun and excitement as the wild ones. At the time the offer was printed in the papers Brandeis did not have more than one or two millions to hand anyone, but the extra ten was coming to him as soon as he reached the age of discretion, which his father, Arthur Brandeis, had set arbitrarily at 29 years.

The first important candidate was Miss Madeleine Franks, daughter of a wealthy soap manufacturer of San Francisco, a pretty girl, just out of college. It was a true love match and Miss Franks was an accomplished pianist. Love and music are supposed to tame anything, but before Madeleine had time to get really started, Uncle Sam declared a moratorium on the marriage by drafting the 24-year-old bridegroom into the army. He went in a love-smitten private and came out apparently the same, except for a sergeant's stripes.

The sergeant reclaimed his bride from the mourners' bench and took her to Omaha, where meanwhile he had become the principal owner of the great department store business built by his grandfather, father and two uncles. The pair moved into a bungalow penthouse on top of one of his big business buildings while furnishing Gray Rock, a mansion Brandeis had bought in a suburb of the city.

At this time the wild lion was purring around her like a kitten and if Madeleine had been mercenary and the ten million had been available, she might well have claimed it. The only rift in her perfect happiness was that Ervino had to make frequent trips to the company's New York office. When these were short, he went alone, otherwise he would go first, get the most pressing part of the business over and then she would follow.

Mr. Brandeis is a big game hunter, and in his thrilling anecdotes had often warned her against surprising any form of animal, stating that even the tamest dog will snap at anyone who bursts in on him unexpectedly. But Madeleine, feeling very romantic, thought this could not apply to her loving husband, so she decided to give him a sweet surprise by appearing to him in New York a day ahead of time. It was a surprise for three because she found him in the arms of another tamer, a lovely blonde one. Yet it was Madeleine herself who became wild. If the taming of Mr. Brandeis was a \$10,000,000 job, probably she needed a lot of expert help, but Mrs. Brandeis scorned it.

"Business!" she cried. "Monkey business!" and hurried back to Omaha

Wife No. 3, Claire Blavette, Who Has Just Won \$700 a Month—But She Also Failed to Win the Grand Prize of \$10,000,000.

where she filed suit for divorce and charged only cruelty. With the decree Madeleine received \$400,000 alimony for herself, \$50,000 for her lawyers and a trust fund of \$250,000 for a daughter, born after the split.

Though the name of the assistant tamer whose activities in New York had caused Mrs. Brandeis to resign was kept out of the divorce proceedings, she later played such a star part that soon she was in the limelight. During 1920 and 1921 Brandeis made long hunting trips in the wilds of Alaska with quite an entourage of cameramen, porters, guides and others, also the blonde tamer. It seems that the lady desired exceedingly to get Ervino into the good old matrimonial cage where she would have the widely whirled hand.

This was a matter entirely of sentimental interest during those two trips because she was still the wife of John C. Colman, a relative of the mustard magnates of New York and London. But on a third trip, in 1922, she had been divorced by Mr. Colman on the grounds of desertion, which left no reason in the world why Brandeis should not marry her except that he didn't want to and flatly declined the honor.

No lure nor bait of sweetness would coax him into that cage. He was a fox who had been caught there once but never again. In this sad situation it did not look as if she had a chance but this lady was a smart huntress of men. For one thing she had been through that best-of-all training school—the stage—at a dancer in the Greenwich Village Follies. From there she had captured Mr. Colman and now Emily Marie Ryan Colman, due to her hunting experience, realized that when a creature is too shy and suspicious to be lured into a trap, it must be roped and dragged in by force. How was a poor, defenseless woman, in the Alaskan wilderness to use force on a husky young millionaire? Trust Emily Marie to find a way.

The trip, lasting three months, was a de luxe sort of hardship because the party rarely got too far from Mr. Brandeis' yacht, the Silver Screen, for porters to bring a bottle or two of ice champagne. The yacht's name suggested a movie romance with a surprise ending, and it turned out just that way. After Mr. Brandeis, in spite

of wine and a gorgeous full moon, declared that he did not choose to be married again, the golden-haired tamer put on a strong dramatic scene. Soon, however, she seemingly became resigned and thereafter so cheerful and amiable that the young millionaire once or twice almost changed his mind about bachelorhood.

Had Brandeis seen close-ups of whisperings between the blonde dancer and one of his half-breed guides, he might have suspected something, because these half-Indians have more than once been "poison" for rich men in the North. But all seemed serene when, toward the end of the trip, the party reached Seward, Alaska, where Ervino and Emily registered at the Van Gilder Hotel as Mr. and Mrs. Brandeis. In the morning when Brandeis asked for his mail, a poker-faced man introduced himself as representing the United States District Attorney's Office.

"Are you married to this woman?" asked Poker-face. Brandeis had looked into the countenances of lions and schooled himself never to show fear. Now, without flinching, he stared into the eyes of the law and replied: "Why certainly."

But the hunter was secretly perturbed because it occurred to him that the law he was facing was the "Mann White Slave Act," at that time being used extensively for blackmail purposes. Nothing more was said just then, but before he could get out of town another poker-face tapped his shoulder with an invitation to see the District Attorney.

The same question brought the same answer. The questioner pressed a button and in walked Emily and the guide with averted eyes.

"Are you married to this man?" was asked. Slowly and apparently reluctantly the girl answered:

"Where's your marriage certificate?"

"Back in Omaha," Brandeis cut in.

"Then it won't hurt you to get married again, here and now," stated the District Attorney. "If you don't,

Untamable Mr. Brandeis, in a Relaxed Moment, Resting Between Marriages, Hunting Expeditions and Alimony Payments.



Mrs. Brandeis, No. 3, on Right, and Dorothy Crawford, Her Best Friend, Whom She Charges Her Husband Approached, but Unsuccessfully, for Extra-Marital Taming.

you go to jail and the case goes before the Federal Grand Jury tomorrow morning.

So, in these romantic circumstances, the ex-Mrs. Colman became the second Mrs. Brandeis. The husband put the best face on it he could and brought his bride in state back to the honeymoon cottage atop the department store.

However, before the excited employees of the firm had a chance to become used to a new mistress walking around over their heads, the pair took one more hunting trip, this time to Africa, where the payoff came. As alimony, a trust fund was set aside, assuring Emily Marie an income of \$666 every month of her life, together with a lump sum said to have made the entire deal the equivalent of \$1,000,000. The grounds were cruelly but the testimony was kept secret. However, hints that got out would indicate that Mr. Brandeis was far from tamed. It was whispered that she complained of a canibal dance and a fake attack to make her think she was about to be killed and eaten. Also there was talk about a whip such as lion tamers use, but in this case the "lion" was alleged to have used it on his tamer.

"You win," said the sportsman, as he turned over the huge indemnity and said goodbye to the adventurous young woman for whom, in spite of the ambiguous circumstances of their marriage, he professed considerable fondness. It turned out to be not much of

a victory because, as easy money so often does, it ruined and killed Emily Marie. Last June she died in her New York home, according to the autopsy, from "acute and chronic alcoholism," at the age of 42, with nobody interested in her but a flock of creditors who were intercepting most of her monthly \$666. The lump sum had been frittered away long ago.

After the second divorce Brandeis was more than ever gun-shy of that cage. Possibly this is the reason he allowed his next few tammers to be only women who were married and therefore somewhat handicapped when it came to taming him. This policy, however, had disagreeable features. Two husbands of the tamers brought alienation-of-affections suits for \$200,000 each, both settled out of court for unknown amounts. Others are alleged to have tried to tame him with their flats, without any reward for their services. Discouraged by these results, Brandeis went abroad. At Cannes, after a hunting trip in Asia, the sportsman met the former Claire Blavette, who magically persuaded him that the old cage would be all right with the right girl. She is the daughter of Victor Blavette, famous "bloodless surgeon." Claire had married Francis Clement Moore Ogden in Philadelphia in 1922, but divorced him in 1926. She and Ervino were married in Paris a year later. Returning to America, they lived first in Omaha, then at his Open Diamond Bar

Emily Marie Ryan, the Dancer, Photographed Just Before Her Death. Like Wife No. 1, she Failed to Do Any Taming Beyond Collecting a Lump of Alimony as Ex-Wife No. 2.

Rancho in California, before the serious trouble began.

Claire, who seems to be the most indignant of all the wives, brought suit on numerous counts and asked alimony for the sum of \$2,500 a month. She would have sued long ago but for an alleged mean legal trick that kept her in France four years. She charges that he left her stranded in Paris without a passport.

When Mrs. Brandeis tried to return, she learned that, being foreign-born, she could not get in without a new passport which could only be obtained with her husband's request. This he forgot to do for four infuriating years until the law was changed permitting her to get at him in the California courts where the getting-in is good. Of course she could have divorced him in the French courts but these had no jurisdiction over his property to enforce alimony, so it would have been merely peace without victory.

Some of the other things she said she didn't like and which he denied having done, were that he was constantly untrue to her with women of high and low degree. She alleges that he tried to add to that list her best friend, Dorothy Crawford, and even her own sister, Andree. Those are reported to have resisted, but she thinks that another, Marjorie Gordon, was unsuccessful for at least three years.

A few days ago, by settlement out of court, Mrs. Brandeis was given the separation she wanted, but not such generous alimony as she had hoped. Instead of the \$2,500 a month she had asked for, she was given only \$700. Mrs. Ryan for that. At her death, the remarries, the monthly payments will stop but she will receive a lump sum of \$35,000.

Brandeis claims that his once robust patrimony has dwindled a good deal in the last few years but by a curious twist of chance this latest consolation prize he has to pay a wife for failing to tame him will not cause it to dwindle much further. He can thank Emily Marie Ryan for that. At her death, the principal of the trust fund which paid her \$666 a month for life reverted to him and now, no doubt, with a slight addition, will be used to supply Emily Marie's successor with her \$700 a month. This is known as the law of the indestructibility of matter.

Thrice married and thrice burned it would seem that Mr. Brandeis by this time would be, if not as permanently a gaselle, but according to latest reports, he is even now intent on divorcing Claire in Omaha and giving Marjorie Gordon a chance to succeed where so many have failed.



# How the Digger Wasp "Brings Home the Bacon"

The Ugly Face of the Female Digger Wasp, Showing Her Fiercely Pincer-Like Jaws. With These She Carries Insects Much Bigger Than Herself.

OTTO LILIENTHAL, a German balloonist, made the first successful glider flight the world had ever known in 1891. A few years later the Wright brothers added an engine to the idea and flew the first real airplane. But long before she put the dream of conquest of the air into the minds of men, Mother Nature had given the idea to the insect species named *Sphecus Speciosus*, but which most people call the digger wasp.

This wasp, which got its common name from its habit of digging holes in the earth as a nest for its young, was one of the first of Nature's creatures to learn that the air could be used to carry "payloads"—the load usually being much bigger than the wasp itself.

In the mating season, the female digger, which is larger than the male and does most of the work, sets about to build a nest. Working in soft, dry soil, she digs a tiny cave, about the size of a mouse hole, chewing away bits of dirt with her powerful, pincer-like jaws, and kicking the loosened particles of dirt out of the hole with her hind legs. She works feverishly, scarcely taking time out for food, while her smaller and lazier husband flits about, slipping nectar from flowers, and fermented sap from trees, paying no attention to the construction job.

The little cave slopes downward, some six inches or more. Off this main cave, the wasp digs smaller side chambers which later will house her eggs, and the young wasps which hatch from them.

When the nest is completed, the wasp sets out in search of its favorite prey, the cicada, or harvest fly, another insect half again as large as itself. Every bush and tree is searched until

the wasp discovers an unfortunate cicada. The shrill cry of the cicada breaks off in mid-note, and the frightened insect takes to the air. But the wasp, like a tiny pirate plane, buzzes skyward after it, hovers over the luckless cicada, and then pounces. Its stinger, producing formic acid and a poisonous ferment from glands inside the wasp's body, lances home into nerves in the stomach of the cicada. Instant paralysis is the result, and the cicada, still alive, but helpless.

To drag the cicada back to the nest across rough ground, detouring around bits of twigs, stones, and every other tiny obstruction in the way, would be a task beyond the strength of the wasp. Instead, it drags its living but paralyzed prey to the nearest tree. Backing up the tree trunk, its jaws clench tightly in the cicada's body, the wasp hauls its load far up the tree. Then, with a sort of homing pigeon instinct, the wasp tugs at the cicada until both hunter and prey are on the side of the tree that faces toward the wasp's nest.

Arching its wings to their full spread, the wasp still hanging onto the cicada with its jaws and legs, as shown in the large photograph above, leaps out into space, gliding toward the nest. If the first glide doesn't carry the wasp close enough, she climbs a second tree, and a third and fourth, if necessary, until her final glide lands her close beside the little cave that she has prepared. The cicada is then hauled into the cave, and stored, still alive but still paralyzed, in one of the little side chambers. Then the wasp deposits one or two eggs beneath one of the cicada's middle legs.

As soon as the egg laying has been done, the wasp pays no more attention either to the cicada, or to the eggs, but sets out again, in search of another cicada, and the long haul up tree trunks, followed by the daring glide earthward, is repeated again and again, until each

of the chambers inside the little cave have been filled.

After three days, the eggs hatch, and the wasp's larvae start feeding on the still living cicada. A week later, the cicada has been reduced to a shell, and the fattened larvae spin cocoons, sleep the winter away in their little underground chambers, to emerge finally as adult wasps, early the following summer.

They have feasted well on the cicadas. Then they are ready to fly out into the world in search of other cicadas, and to glide home with them to their own nests, following some instinct mysteriously passed on to digger wasps from generation to generation.

## The Last Word in Doggy Fashions

EVERYBODY has heard of the cat's pajamas, but now it's the kyoodle's coveralls that are sweeping the canine fashion world. The photograph below shows what the really doggy dog

will wear to the dog show, and it was in the dog show that this latest bit of hound haberdashery made its appearance.

It seems that when people show their pups, particularly white ones, the owners go to a lot of trouble by rubbing nice white chalk into the pooch's fur to improve on Nature a bit, and have the pup looking its prattine best. But the dogs, the dopes, didn't really seem to appreciate all this extra effort, and a powdered dog was just as likely to sit down on a dirty floor for a rest, as any common alley mutt, and then the washing and powdering job had to be done all over again.

All this was very discouraging to the owners who had spent so much time and labor prettifying their pets, and finally one owner decided to do something about it. Dog sweaters, dog shoes, and even dog bonnets, already on the market, didn't help out much, because even with all these clothes on, there was still just plain dog sticking out to get dirty. So one smart owner, grabbing his inspiration from a garage mechanic, invented the coveralls the bloodhound Dobbin wore when he had this picture taken.

This Dalmatian, on His Way to a London Dog Show, Is All Dressed Up in a Four-Legged Suit of Overalls to Keep Him Spick and Span for the Appraising Eyes of the Judges.



Above, a Digger Wasp Dragging a Live but Paralyzed Cicada Up a Tree Trunk, and, Left, the Wasp's Lance-Like Stinger.



Below, the Larvae of the Digger Wasp Feeding on a Couple of Cicadas, Alive Even Though They Have Been Stored in the Wasp's Nest for Days.



A Female Digger Wasp, After a Series of Volplaning Flights, Dragging a Cicada Into Its Underground Nest.

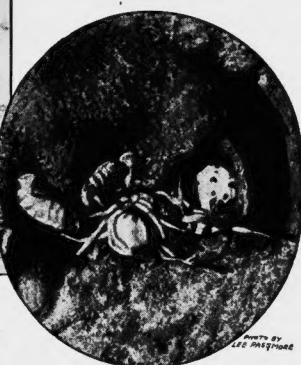


Photo by LEO McFARLANE

## "Jewelry" From the Stockyards

THE stockyards have gone into the jewelry business as industrial chemists figure out new and better ways to make something useful out of every part of an animal except its squeal. Smart New York hostesses, Hollywood actresses, and European beauties are wearing decorative doo-dads around their necks and arms that had their humble origin on the back of a cow in some western prairie, or maybe around the neck of a fat hog in an Ohio barnyard, or the latest fad.

As the photograph at the left shows, the

leather looks a lot different around the neck of the lady than it did when it was around the neck of a pig, but it is leather, in spite of the fact that clever artists have made it look like wreaths of anemones, by judicious tanning, cutting, and painting.

Even drops of perfume suitable to the flower can be soaked into the leather.

## Could the North Pole Start a World War?

WITH Hitler pushing the boundary line around in Europe, El Duce doing a bit of face lifting on the map of Africa, and Japan establishing borders to order in Manchuria, it still may remain for the North Pole to be responsible for the flare-up which will bring on the next world war.

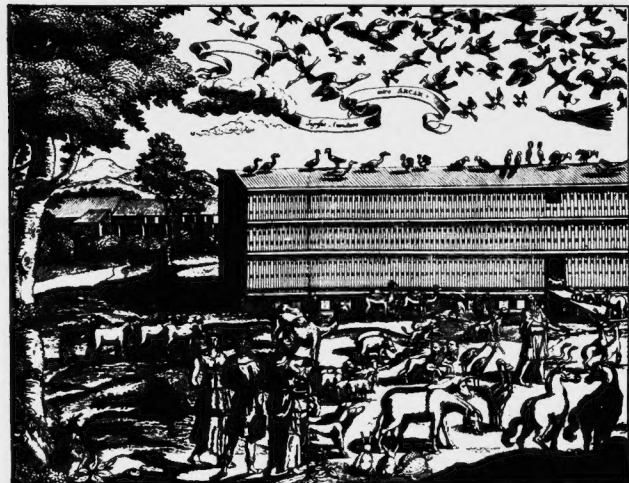
Long before any of the present-day war lords ever thought of making tracks on the pages of history, the North Pole was changing borders almost constantly, for the Pole, instead of staying steadily in one position, wobbles around in a path like a drunken baseball player rounding the bases.

The Pole is one end of an imaginary line drawn through the center of the earth from North to South. This is called the axis, and it shifts a bit from season to season. Border lines, figured in terms of latitude and longitude, and found by observation of the stars in connection with their direction from the North Pole, move with it. Thus the boundary line between Canada and the United States may shift as much as fifty feet south, or fifty feet north, depending on the season, and anyone born on the border, as indicated by permanent sign posts, would have to send his birth date to an astronomer to find out for sure whether he was a citizen of this country or Canada.

The Delicate Flower Ornaments That Make This Necklace and Bracelet Were Born in the Stockyards—Because They Are Fashioned of Leather.



# Was This How Noah's Ark Carried Its Immense Cargo?



Father Kircher's Interesting Picture of the Ark, Just Before the Flood, Showing Noah and His Family Superintending the March of the Animals Into Their Quarters. The Vessel Resembles a Modern Apartment House, Three Stories High.

NEXT to that of Jonah and the Whale, the Biblical story of how Noah built an ark and on it, with his family and animals of all kinds, survived the great flood, has always been perhaps the most puzzling epic in the Old Testament. Without firm faith to help them, many persons have wondered about the possibilities of loading into a vessel of this size a great multitude of creatures of every species and feeding them through the many weeks of the Ark's voyage on waters that covered the whole of the earth.

A practical answer to these questions seems to have come to light in the form of a number of drawings made by a scholar away back in the year 1675. He was the Reverend Father Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit and an encyclopedist and pioneer in science who, in the 17th Century, contributed to the world a solar telescope and what may have been the first "theory" attributing the origin of disease to germs.

Father Kircher, like hundreds of others, had been intensely interested in the story of Noah's Ark and decided to work out, if possible, a practical explanation which would make Noah's adventure easily credible. Sir Isaac Newton, a century later, incidentally, revealed a similarly intense interest in the story of Noah and, like Father Kircher, wrote a book on the subject.

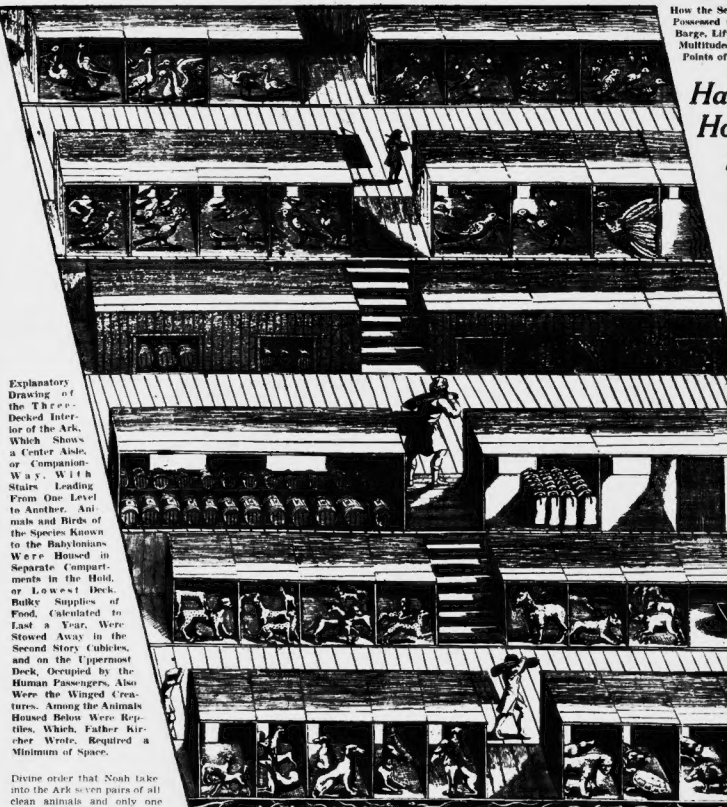
Father Kircher's diagrammatic drawings and other pictures showing his conception of the technical construction of the Ark, its approximate size and storage capacity, were exhibited the other day at the New York Public Library in a Latin book which he called "Arca Noe" (Noah's Ark). Both the drawings, some of which are shown on this page, and the text indicate the scientific trend of the author's intellect and also his determination to prove precisely how it was possible for Noah to have taken care of his thousands of charges on board the vessel.

In a folio volume, Father Kircher worked out all the details and filled 250 pages that explain the methodical division of the space inside the Ark, so that all the animals and their offspring could be kept well, clean and separate as to species.

According to Scripture, the Ark was 300 cubits long, had a beam of 50 cubits and was 30 cubits high. The Jewish adheres to these measurements maintaining that the cubit is the equivalent of 18 inches. So according to these calculations the Ark was 450 feet long, 75 feet wide and 45 feet high. These dimensions are not in agreement with those approximated by Sir Isaac Newton, whose volume measured a cubic as 25 inches.

Father Kircher's writings explain that the principal difficulty in understanding how Noah could accommodate all the living animals in a ship of these dimensions is due to the inclination to think of the vast number of animal species known to us now instead of limiting the imagination to the number of species which were native to Noah's country. Today there are many animals such as cross-breeds and hybrids which did not exist at Noah's day; there are also hundreds of animals which were not native to Babylonia or its territory and it was in Babylonia that the deluge is believed to have started.

Father Kircher also calls attention to the



Explanatory Drawing of the Three Decks of the Ark, Which Shows a Center Aisle, or Companion-Way, With Stairs Leading From One Level to Another. Animals and Birds of the Species Known to the Babylonians Were Housed in Separate Compartments in the Hold, or Lowest Deck. Bulkies Supplies of Food, Calculated to Last a Year, Were Stowed Away in the Second Story Cubicles, and on the Uppermost Deck, Occupied by the Human Passengers. Also Were the Winged Creatures. Among the Animals Housed Below Were Reptiles, Which Father Kircher Wrote, Required a Minimum of Space.

Divine order that Noah take into the Ark seven pairs of all clean animals and only one pair of the unclean. By clean animals was meant the animals man was permitted to eat and these were comparatively few, including sheep, goats, cattle and deer. Only these and such animals as were known to the Babylonians could have possibly been carried and led into their respective compartments inside Noah's great ship. Considering this, as Father Kircher points out, and as others who have studied the problem also say, there probably were not more than 150 species of unclean or inedible animals known to Noah or his neighbors.

Father Kircher figured that if Noah took seven pairs of the clean animals of which he had only eight species that would be but 112. If he had a single pair of each of the 150 unclean animals, that would be another 300. He estimates also that there were 150 species of birds, and a pair of each kind would mean only 300 birds. Reptiles took up very little space.

Noah was also instructed to take into the Ark all kinds of "creeping things," serpents, of which there were many species, but they

would not require much space. So, according to this 1675 author, the great three-decker Ark could easily accommodate all species of animals known at that time in Babylonia, and could also provide for the natural increase which took place during the many months in which the Ark was afloat, for the Deluge lasted 40 days and nights, but 150 days elapsed before the Ark rested on Mount Ararat.

The pictures in this massive volume prove to what extent Father Kircher had studied

How the Seventeenth Century Scholar Visualized the Ark Afloat. It Possessed no Ship-Like Hull, but Appeared to Him as a Gigantic Barge, Lifted by the Waters That Swept Over the Earth, While the Multitudes Struggled Desperately but Without Success, to Reach Points of Safety.

## Have You Puzzled Over How All the Animals and Stores Fitted Into the Vessel? Well, These Rare Old Drawings Now Come to Light to Explain Away Your Doubts

every detail, showing that in the hold, or lowest deck were stalls, or cubicles, for each pair of animals, and in the case of the clean animals, for the seven pair. He labelled each space, showing where it was possible to stable all the vast collection of living creatures. On the second deck, Noah provided space for all the food which was required to feed the animals and his family. It has been figured that the full period which elapsed from the time Noah entered the Ark until he issued forth from it was 12 months and 11 days. During that long period all in the Ark had to be fed, which required many tons of grain, and other food.

During that year there must have been considerable increase among the birds and animals, and some of the "clean" animals were probably killed for human food. The unclean overflow was killed for animal food.

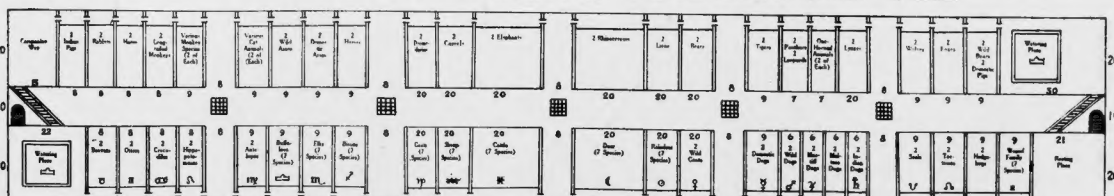
According to Kircher the birds lived on the third or top deck, where Noah and his wife with their three sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth and their wives were quartered. While it is true that according to Scripture Noah was instructed to make only one window in the Ark, Father Kircher shows in his drawings of the Ark that besides the great window at the top, and the door at the bottom, through which the animals and the human beings had entered, there were small openings all over the Ark through which the air entered, so that the ventilation was as perfect as it is on a modern luxury liner with all its windows and portholes.

While this is adding something to the Bible, it is not stated there, the author evidently deemed it perfectly admissible.

In his volume Father Kircher presents a complete picture of the world before the Deluge, during that catastrophe, and afterwards, so that every student of the Bible may grasp the significance of the work done by Noah in saving mankind from the destruction.

Harvey and Kepler and other scientists welcomed Kircher's work and cooperation, utilizing many of the inventions which he perfected, and his discoveries of the principles of acoustics, the transmission of sound, and calculating machines.

One of the Kircher Diagrams of the Ark, Showing How Its Lowest Deck Was Divided, With an Aisle Running Through the Center, and With the Various Species of Edible and Inedible Animals Housed in Their Respective Quarters. Some of Which Are Marked by Zodiacal Symbols. The Numerals at Each End Show a Total Width of 50 Cubits.





# Tough Job of Being Unworldly in a Very Worldly World

**The Queer Amish "Plain People" of Pennsylvania, Who Gave Away Their Kansas Oil Lands Because They Didn't Want Riches Now Lose Their Little Schoolhouses and Their Children Must Ride in Autos—So Probably They Will All Move Again**

The Amish People Dislike Such Luxuries as the Auto, and Use These Old-Fashioned Buggies—Open Ones for Unmarried Passengers, and Closed Ones for Married "Plain People."

THE "devil" has at last succeeded in forcing unearned money on the Amish religious sect of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Satan made his last big drive against the Amish farmers in the guise of oil prospectors, offering to make them rich without effort from the oil that happened to be under their farms.

The Amish, or "Plain People" as they also call themselves, simply turned their backs on everything by abandoning their farms. After that Bebe-bub was constantly at their elbows, inviting them to accept W. P. A. jobs where they would not have to work as hard as on their farms and relief money, so they would not have to work at all, but the proud, though humble, sect seems every form of charity. In trying to corrupt this strange community for more than 300 years, "the evil one" has never managed to get to first base until the other day, when he found a way to force some "dirty money" on them, through the schools.

The Amish brethren had eleven little red one-room schoolhouses, placed at strategic points throughout their colony, and everyone was satisfied until last year Uncle Sam offered a free W. P. A. grant of \$56,500 if the local taxpayers would chip in the rest to build one grand, big public school for Amish and all the other children combined, to cost a total of \$128,000.

Instantly the horrified Amish protested. This was unearned money again, something for nothing and, no matter how disguised, always the same old "devil's bait."

Accepting other people's money would surely bring down on their undeserving heads all sorts of future evils but some of these disasters were rising right then and there.

The Amish folk, being so different in their ancient ways from the average citizen, have been looked upon by many as cranks, freaks and old fogies, yet they have a prophetic gift of foreseeing evils that is truly uncanny. When telephones and automobiles were first introduced, these inventions were carefully considered by the "House" Amish which are the orthodox and strictest of the cult and sternly forbidden. Everyone laughed at such "narrow-mindedness" when they prophesied that automobiles would lead to crime and "unsupervised hunting and shooting." The telephone, they said, would introduce laziness, infidelity and general corruption of the women.

Without automobiles they are literally in the horse-and-buggy stage, a fact which makes it expensive and inconvenient to have one magnificent school instead of 11 unpretentious little ones. It means school buses for the children, and even if these are "free," the Amish know that nothing but the bounty of Nature is really free and must come out of somebody's pocket.

Worse than that, the elders had heard that the world is passing through one of those free and easy cycles of general corruption, with school children showing how sophisticated they are by doing all the old forbidden things and a few new ones, such as smoking marijuana "reifers." Aided whether their own innocent youngsters can resist the evil effects of such association, they answer sadly:

"We know what a few rotten apples in a barrel can do to the sound ones."

The Amish ask no favors, nothing of the rest of the world, except to be let alone but, since Man is the world's champion meddling and muddying animal, this cannot be granted. They pay taxes like everyone else but ask almost



Typical Amish Girl in Sabbath Attire. On Week Days Sunbonnets Replace the White Lace Headress.

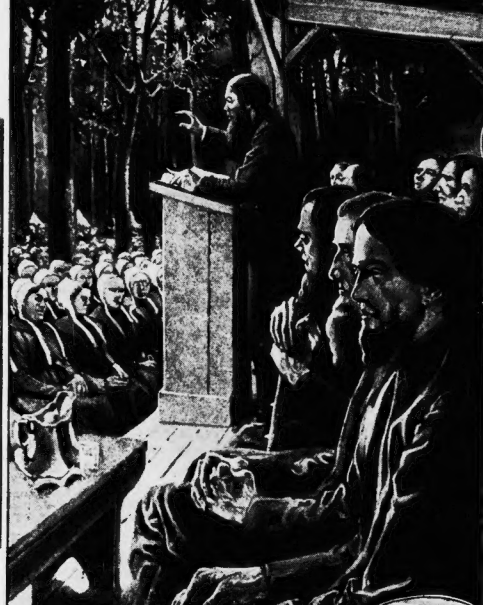
nothing in return for their tax money. During the three centuries since the first Amish fled from persecution in Europe, the authorities have almost never had to enter the community except to arrest some non-Amish fugitive or intruder. Settling all disputes among themselves, they never occupy the courts' time. They attend to their own sick and feeble-minded who are very few, though one man went insane, killing his entire family and himself. Even that cost the county only one visit from the coroner.

This new threat of Satan, in the guise of Uncle Sam, however, could not be met by their usual policy of non-resistance. "One must sometimes fight the devil with fire," they reluctantly agreed and broke their 300-year-old tradition by appealing to the Circuit Court of Lancaster, Lancaster County.

The bearded and long-haired elders in their sombre clothes, including black, broad-brimmed hats, dark coats, vests and long trousers, without neckties, belts, buttons or even suspenders, except a single gaiter, trouped into the courtroom.

Hooka and eyes were used instead of buttons, for which the sect has some time been called "hookers." Some 300 years ago the anti-button prejudice seems to have been chiefly due to a belief that Satan could hang something on a button, but of late the main objection seems to be that so many buttons are made of animals' bones. Some men carry watches but the cases must not be of anything more precious than nickel.

Bachelors shave but when married let their beards and side whiskers luxuriate. However, they continue to shave the upper lips to the end of their days. This is because when the sect originated it was the general custom in Europe for soldiers to wear long moustaches



Sabbath Services of the Amish People Are Held in Homes or Outdoors—All the Women in Front of the Pulpit and All the Men Behind It. (From An Old Picture.)

so the Amish shaved theirs to prove that they were pacifists, evidence which carried considerable weight during the World War when they insisted that they were conscientious objectors.

Women of the Amish and even the little girls, wear small, plain bonnets of black or blue, dark colored shawls and black and blue dresses. As brides they wear white caps and may continue to wear them afterward, but only in the house. Married or single, their hair is combed straight back and none of them owns a single article of jewelry or a pair of high-heeled shoes.

Distriet Judge George A. Welsh listened patiently to the long story of their grievance, constantly mixed with quotations from Scripture, the only law they know. Often the witness would pause and look upward, carefully choosing his words, as well as anyone might who was convinced that God was listening to such an important matter.

Much of their quaint talk was irrelevant and some sounded comical to irreverent modern ears, but the court did not allow them to be tripped up and confused by applying the rules of evidence too strictly.

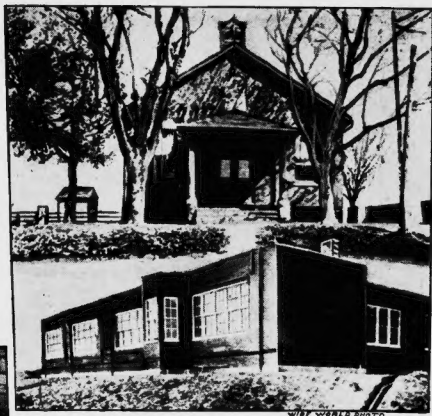
In the end Judge Welsh ruled that the religious and moral precepts of the people were being violated and he granted an injunction restraining the school board from auctioning off the eleven little red school houses. But also, the other day, the Court of Appeals reversed the decision and the humble school must go under the hammer to contribute what they may to his successor, the grand consolidated



Two Amish Farmers Photographed as They Were Leaving the Supreme Court Building After Losing Their Appeal to Keep the Little Schoolhouses.

school, financed with W. P. A. funds. Uncle Sam had voted to give away billions of dollars and though the Amish's shaven lip may exempt him from military service, he cannot escape his appointed share of the national charity, no matter what it may do to him, or what he thinks of it.

Score one round for Satan, but do not think that the Amish are beaten, for they are praying and thinking at high pressure for a way out, perhaps to a new promised land. It may be that they will migrate again to some sparsely-settled country, possibly



At Top Is One of the Doomed Little Single-Room Schoolhouses, Held So Dear to the Amish Folk, and Just Above Is the Consolidated School Building to Which the Amish Farmers Didn't Want Their Children to Go.



All Amish Men Wear Long Hair and Beards But Not Mustaches, Which Their Custom Forbids, Because Mustaches Are Considered "Military."

South America, if some Government there will grant them the one thing they ask, to let these queer, hard-working, honest, God-fearing folk work out their salvation unmolested. At least they can find plenty who will gladly agree not to force any money on them.

It was a little daughter colony of the "Plain People" that settled at Yoder, Kansas, in 1873 and prospered in spite of droughts, dust storms and cyclones, but finally had to flee from the relentless temptation of oil men, who followed them around in the fields with contracts and a fountain pen, begging permission to make them rich without effort, by drilling wells in their land.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" they shouted until they were breathless and though the oil men obeyed, they kept right on with their tempting talk. Finally some of the Church Amish, who are not so strict as the House Amish, began to weaken in 1938, so the more orthodox House Amish sold their farms for the mere value of homestead property and departed, some back to Pennsylvania and others to Fairbanks, Iowa. If the backsliding brethren wished to sell their oil rights and souls (which they did) to the devil, it was not the fault of the House brethren, for they had exhorted them plenty.

The Amish are an early split from the Mennonite sect which was founded of Protestants in 1525, during the general confusion following the Reformation. The Mennonites gradually broadened in their beliefs but the Amish, followers of Jacob Ammann or Ameh, held strictly to the original tenets. With the Quakers, Mennonites, Dunkards and others, who in varying de-

grees take the Bible literally and try to follow it literally, they found Pennsylvania a kindly haven and all claim the general title of "Plain People." Uncompromising and stern in many ways to the point of exasperating obstinacy, the Amish are among the world's most successful farmers, partly through skill, but even more due to the conscientious thoroughness of their work. Bad times or good, they get along never asking help from the outside.

Not only are orthodox Amish men compelled to ride in buggies but for bachelors there must be open ones, without any dash board. Once he is married, the man has the proud right of concealing his wife and his sprouting beard in a closed buggy.

When a family has a daughter of marriageable age, it is noticed that the father almost invariably paints his front gate and sometimes his entire front fence blue. None will admit or deny that this is an invitation for eligible youth to come and court her, but it looks that way. Until not long ago, an ancient American Colonial custom of binding was observed among this people, but the method had been much misinterpreted.

The general idea was that the courting might as well be done on a bed as on the wood box or the back porch, and though admittedly a quaint one, was not so improper as it sounds. In the first place most of the old Amish farmsteads had only one bedroom so that the bachelors were closely crowded with the rest of the family in other beds.

Furthermore, the girl was sometimes almost hermetically sealed in a stout gunny sack, securely sewed around her neck. In other cases she was tucked away for the evening under the covers which were sewed around her neck as stoutly as in the sack method, while the young gentleman reposed on the outside of the covers. By and large the system seems to have promoted early marriage which was the plan of their elders and betters.

Plumbing of all sorts was, and still is for the most part, considered a needless luxury so that on Saturday evenings taking turns at the round tub in the kitchen began soon after supper. There seems to have been no false modesty about any and all the rest of the family basking themselves there while any member was bathing his or herself.

The Amish participate in a sort of cooperative insurance, although they do not carry life insurance. If a home or barn is destroyed by fire, the neighbors take up a collection to pay for a new one.

They will not attend circuses, fairs, moving pictures, theatres, baseball games, dances or any sort of ordinary amusements or sporting events.

A member of the House Amish who respectably fails to live according to its precepts is excommunicated in solemn meeting, not in a church because they have none, meeting only in their zealous barns. If the offending man or woman is unmarried, the culprit simply goes away but if the mother or father of a large family, the situation is serious. The rest of the devout, including every member of the excommunicated sect which was founded never speak to him again, eat in the same room or share the same bed with him. Yet he is not expected to leave for there is no divorce in the sect. Some can stand it, some run away. It was one of these incommunicado victims who went mad, killing all his family and himself.

# Proving Again Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction

Detective Keen Begged Chicago's Dawn Bandit to Kill Himself, Then Set a Trap for Him That Ended His Outlawry in a Hail of Police Bullets—And He Knew All the Time the Criminal Was His Own Son—Would

You Believe It in the Movies?



Harold Keen, the Dawn Bandit, Whose Description Was Recognized by Detective Keen, His Father, Who Set the Police Trap for Him.

**"WHERE'S Angie?"** A disguised voice calling Chicago Police Detective Ernest L. Keen to his home telephone, asked him that question. But the voice did not fool the detective, who knew it was the phantom bandit being hunted by the city's entire police force. "She is in police custody," said Keen. "I don't believe you," growled the voice, still trying to maintain the disguise. The detective spoke again: "Listen, Son. Give yourself up at the nearest police station. You haven't a chance."

The answer was silence which the policeman had reason to know meant that the bandit was not going to accept his suggestion, so he offered another. "If you won't do that why don't you blow your hat off?"

This time the answer was a click. The phantom, in some distant pay station, had hung up. Another refusal, meaning as the police officer understood all too well, that the outlaw would shoot it out and quite likely kill any policeman who tried to catch him. If any policeman was to be killed, Police Chief Keen wanted to be that one, so he set a trap for the bandit and asked permission to be the man who must sit in the trap to kill or be killed. The reason was that the phantom was Keen's own son, Harold, 23-year-old Jekyll-Hyde character, above the ordinary intelligence and charming when he pleased, but preferring to be a criminal.

A detective fiction story beginning with such a nightmare situation for an honest policeman would hardly seem plausible unless it turned out to be all a dream or had some other trick happy ending, proving the father's suspicions all wrong. But in this realistic detective story there was no mistake and the son's vicious career ended just as his father had often told him it would, with a blast of police bullets between midnight and dawn a young man had been driving up to gasoline filling stations on the South Side of Chicago, filling his tank and then, instead of paying, pulling a gun and relieving the lone night man of the night's receipts. Always the bandit got away, though once in a while, in a blast of fire from a police radio car. Men were assigned to do nothing but hunt this person who became known as the phantom and every member of the force was urged to be on the watch for him.

It would be very nice for the cop clever and brave enough to capture the phantom, whose constant stick-ups were embarrassing the entire department. That is how citations are won, the hard but quick way to promotion. Probably most every member of the organization gave some hurried thought to the problem as they read the victim's descriptions of the bandit. Visits to the rogue's gallery by those who had seen the man's face at the other end of a pistol barrel did not help nor did their descriptions mean much to anyone except Keen, who was struck by the fact that they fitted his son Harold. There had been plenty of reason to worry about Harold, but as a father he resented his own suspicions as a policeman. The father and policeman in him struggled and finally compromised. If the boy was innocent it should be an easy matter to prove. He took a couple of snap-shots of a little person, one-man, regatta gallery and visited the stations that had been robbed.

"That's the man!" the victims cried in enthusiastic approval. They congratulated the detective who had at last gotten on the right track, wished



Mrs. Sally Moorehead, to Whose Home the Dawn Bandit Was Lured to Meet His Wife, but He Met Death Instead.

him success in getting "the rat" dead or alive, and wondered why he did not seem pleased.

The policeman in Keen was satisfied that Harold was the man they wanted and was ready to turn in his information to the department. But that father in him, as it had done so many times before, pleaded that the boy be given one more chance. After all identification by picture is not positive. In Hollywood are doubles close enough to fool a screen audience and it was not impossible that Harold might have one in Chicago. Pursuing this faint hope he visited Harold's apartment, where for some time he had not been welcome and talked with Harold's young wife, Angelina. One of those confused, timid souls who go through life trying to flee from trouble but always running into it admitted that she hadn't seen her husband much nor known what he was doing for many weeks.

Further questioning, however, brought out one or two dates on which she met him by telephone appointment. When she mentioned one of these, Keen instantly asked where he was wounded and the young wife, thinking that if he knew that much she might as well answer truthfully replied that it was a slight wound in the left arm. Nobody knew that the phantom had been wounded, but the policeman father-in-law remembered that on this particular date the bandit's car had been a bandit with so many bullets through it that it was hard to see how the driver could have entirely escaped injury.

When the talk with Angie was over even the father in Keen no longer regarded at straw, but he still hoped to make contact with the outlaw and perhaps persuade him to give himself up without bloodshed. Duty forbade further delay in putting the matter in the hands of his superior, Lieutenant George A. Teeling, head of the Stolen Automobile Division. To hide his emotion in that dreadful moment, perhaps Keen fell into his formal routine manner, as if he were reporting on a complete stranger. It was Lieut. Teeling, who showed the shock of it. The lieutenant looked at this big-gam man who had lost 30 pounds in two weeks, knew what his agony must



The Most Unhappy Man in the World—Detective Ernest Keen, of the Chicago Police, Whose Duty It Was to Bring About the Doom of His Own Boy.



The End of the Trail, Harold Keen's Bullet-Riddled Body Fell Here When He Walked Into the Trap at the Moorehead Home, Defying the Police With His Last Breath.

be but could find no words to express his sympathy. Finally he said:

"Keen, you are in the cruelest spot an honest cop ever got into, but you have done your full duty—no man could have done more. We will attend to the rest."

"No, Chief, there is one thing more. I know my boy. He will kill, if cornered. There is one thing I couldn't stand and that's going to the funeral of a cop killed by my son. I want to be the man who gets him."

"You will not be the man and that's orders," commanded the detective's superior. However, Teeling gave his word that things would be so arranged as to prevent all possibility of a police funeral.

This could only be accomplished by a shrewdly devised trap for which they

had to use Detective Keen's knowledge of the youth's friends and relatives. One after another men were placed around the bones of eleven persons to whom the phantom might go for shelter, while his wife Angie, his brother-in-law John Mathew and several others were temporarily removed from circulation to prevent word getting to the fugitive of what was being done. Yet somehow he seems to have known, for he avoided every one of those snare. At last Detective Keen told them where to set a twelfth one.

Angie had steadfastly refused to reveal the place where she had met her husband to bandage his arm and on other occasions, explaining that it would get innocent persons into trouble. Finally Angie's mother mentioned a Sally Moorehead who had once worked

"Wave at him," Sergeant McCabe whispered to Sally, and the Dawn Bandit, Catching Her Signal, but Sensing Something Wrong, Carefully Made His Way to the House, Where Death in the Uniform of Policeman With Pistols and a Machine Gun, Waited. A Moment Later Sixteen Bullets Ended the Career of the Young Man Who Wouldn't Go Straight.

with Angie in an ice cream parlor. Police Officer Russell L. Richards located Sally in a small cottage on a back lot at 12316 Wallace Street where, in hysterical relief, she blurted out the truth, that the bandit had been meeting Angie there at intervals. Both the woman and her husband had wanted to tell the police but terror had kept them quiet.

All the afternoon of June 16, Richards and two other policemen, one with a machine gun, waited in the little house but nothing happened. At ten minutes of six, though the watchers did not know it, Detective Keen received that telephone call in which he advised his son to give himself up or blow his hat off, an underworld expression for blowing out his brains. At twenty minutes of seven, the telephone in the little cottage rang and the cops heard Sally, who had been well-rehearsed, assure someone that the coast was clear and Angie waiting.

"He's coming right over," she told them, turning white. "What'll I do?"

"You watch at the window and identify him," Sergeant Joseph McCabe directed. "Then you get into the closet."

For ten minutes the four listened to the ticking of the kitchen clock, then Sally stiffened in her chair.

"There he is," she gasped. "He's coming up the cinder path."

"Wave at him," then get into the closet," McCabe whispered. Sally obeyed. Presently there was a crunching sound as a youthful figure carrying two suitcases approached the kitchen door. But he stopped, darting furtive glances in all directions, as if sensing that something was not quite right. Perhaps he had glimpsed a crouching shadow in the kitchen or wondered why Angie failed to open the kitchen door as she usually did.

At any rate he put down the suitcases hysterically and moved to get a better view of the kitchen through the open window. Through that window came a stern voice:

"Stick up your hands, Keen."

Those were the phantom's name had used so often. Invariably his victims had obeyed but now that the voice of the law spoke, the bandit disobeyed. Instead his right hand flew to his pocket.

That was the cue for three trigger fingers to beckon death and never did death respond faster. Two pistols boomed, a machine gun roared sending 16 bullets into the phantom bandit. The gust of lead hurled Harold's body sideways. He probably was dead before he struck the ground.

It was some time before anyone thought to tell Sally she could come out. There was no reply from the closet where they found the woman curled up apparently as dead as Harold, but it was only a faint. A little later Detective Keen answered his telephone again.

"Okay, Chief, thanks for telling me," he said, then sat staring at the carpet until a faint step made him look up into a pair of eyes that were two agonized question marks.

"It's all over, Mother," he told her. "They got him."

"My baby?" was all she said. Why Harold went wrong is beyond understanding. He was neither an underprivileged nor overprivileged child, handsome, healthy, above ordinary intelligence by tests.

From 11 years on he was constantly running away from home. A steady series of petty thefts kept him in hot water but always his charm got him out until finally a burglary landed him in Pontiac Prison. Paroled in 1927, he convinced his father that he had reformed and got a job at \$30 a week.

He also persuaded Angelina, eldest daughter of an Irish family of seven, that he had reformed forever. Angie knew better than tell her mother that she wanted to marry a jail-bird, and eloped. Then Harold lost his job in the recreation and turned to banditry. Angie expects a child soon, to whom she must some day explain about its father. But how can anyone explain such a father?



# Fighting the Devil's Weed to Safeguard the Holy Land

One Cause of Riots and Other Disturbances in Palestine  
Traced to a Ring of Hashish Smugglers, Who Use  
Drugs to Inspire Fanaticism and Race  
Hatred—and How the British  
Authorities Are Trying  
to Catch Them



LONDON, July 15.

THE BRITISH seem to be having more trouble right now in Palestine than at any time since they marched into there with an army during the World War and took over the difficult job of keeping peace in the Holy Land. For the past few weeks, the Arabs and the Jews, who both believe the country belongs to them and them alone, have been killing each other on a wholesale scale, with riots, bombings and continual sniping from ambush.

Uprisings of this sort have been harassing the British at frequent intervals ever since they appointed themselves the protectors of Palestine, and for some time everyone has known that the underlying cause is race hatred and religious fanaticism. Each faction is evidently greatly afraid that the other may eventually drive them out of what they consider their homeland.

But the British authorities have at last discovered why this inter-racial conflict has become so merciless and so bloody. They are convinced that the ancient hatred between the Moslems and the Hebrews in Palestine is now being intensified and worked up to a more murderous and more fanatical pitch than ever before by a ring of hashish smugglers, who use the drug to incite terrorism in much the same way that it was used way back in the Eleventh Century by the organizers of a secret society of professional killers called Hashishins, from which the English word "assassin" is derived.

So all sorts of drastic measures are now being taken to safeguard the Holy Land from this "devil's weed," which is practically the same drug that has recently been the cause of considerable alarm in the United States because thousands of school children are said to be smoking it in the form of marijuana cigarettes, called "reefers" or "muggles."

The British authorities in Palestine are convinced that the treacherous drug traffic in that country is being directed by "master minds," just as the murderous activities of these modern Hashishins of Syria and Persia were directed by Hassan-Sabbah, "The Old Man of the Mountains," who organized that band of cut-throats. So far, however, the British have been unable to learn the identity of the elusive and cunning leaders of these modern Hashishins, and have only succeeded in rounding up some of the small fry.

The smugglers have a number of ingenious tricks for running hashish into the Holy Land through seaports and over roads, but most of it is apparently carried in on camels. This makes the Government's problem particularly difficult, since Palestine is famed for the most part by deserts and camels, those "ships of the desert," do not need regular highways of any kind but can travel with ease wherever there is sand. Thus the dope runners can slip across the wide border at night almost anywhere.

In an effort to stop that, the Government organized a camel corps, hired Arab trackers and started patrolling the Syrian border and also the desert, reaching toward Egypt—playing a peculiar game of hide-and-seek. Merely by looking at the footprints left in the sand, these Arab trackers can tell how fast the camels are traveling and by the depth of the impressions they can also tell whether or not the animals are heavily loaded. Since camels carrying hashish have lighter burdens

Curious Pipe Used for Smoking Hashish. The Dried Indian Hemp Leaves Are Paced on a Plug of Tobacco in the Bowl and Then Covered With a Live Coal.

A Group of Wahabis, the Type of Arab Easily Incited to Race Rioting by Drugs Provided by Smugglers, Whose Leaders the British Are Trying to Trap.



A Scene at Jaffa, Palestine, During One of the Recent Inter-racial Uprisings, Now Believed to Have Been Inspired by the Devil's Weed.

than those loaded with merchandise of ordinary caravans, they leave shallow tracks—and in this way the trackers could usually spot the smugglers. Furthermore, the trackers can tell if camels are traveling only at night by the sort of dark marks left in the footprints.

So whenever the trackers reported these tell-tale signs, the border patrol would take out after the smugglers and on catching up with them would shoot at the camels' legs to bring them down. Yet time after time there would be no packages of hashish hidden on the captured camels. Occasionally, the packages would be found along the route, where the smugglers had thrown them during the pursuit, but in many instances there would be no trace of the contraband anywhere. So the Government agents finally decided that the smugglers must have some smart trick they did not know about—and just the other day they discovered what it was.

After one lively chase that kept right on up to the bank of the Suez Canal, a smuggler abandoned his camel, jumped into the water and swam across to the other side, making a clean getaway. As on all those other disappointing occasions, the members of the border patrol found no contraband on the camel, nor any along the route the smugglers had been following. But this time they decided to make a more thorough investigation and while going over the camel as if with a fine-toothed comb they uncovered a number of spots where the animal's hair had been cut off, packages of hashish glued to its skin and the hair pasted back in place. With this trick, the smugglers had evidently been running the drug into the country right under the noses of the soldiers—so nowadays every caravan that enters Palestine is stopped and all the camels carefully examined.

But despite the vigilance of the patrol and the cunning of the Arab trackers, smugglers kept on slipping past the guards at night. So the Government put up barbed wire entanglements along the Syrian border for fifty miles or more, similar to those used in war time—and now has the

wire charged with high-tension electric current. Three parallel fences about six feet high, with posts set in concrete foundations and with additional entanglements strung between the lines, were erected at a cost of half a million dollars. As a further protection, concrete "pill-boxes" were built along the line, so soldiers can be stationed there to shoot the hordes of cut-throats entering the country by sea, the drug is usually enclosed in water-proof bags fitted with weights and ropes, so they can be dropped overboard if there is danger of capture and the ropes in place like buoys, being later picked up by the smugglers or their confederates.

Hashish addicts have several different ways of using the drug. Sometimes the dried leaves are brewed into a sort of tea, or the narcotic element can be extracted and worked up with other substances into a paste or pills. But the ordinary method in Palestine is to smoke it, not in marijuana cigarettes as in the United States, but in a peculiar looking pipe, such as the one shown on this page. As an example of what a strong hold this drug takes upon those who become addicted to it, the British authorities recently told about a sheik terrorist who was awaiting execution in jail at Acre and who kept begging his jailers to let him have hashish, in any form. After his request had been repeatedly refused, he asked that his four wives be allowed to visit him, just before he was put to death.

The authorities could see no harm in that, so the four fat wives were admitted to the cell and then an odd thing happened. One by one they waddled over to their lord and master who proceeded to kiss them upon the mouth for an uncommonly long time. This was very odd, for an Arab seldom kisses a wife in front of anyone and even when he does he only brushes his lips across her cheek. So the jailers became suspicious—but too late. Already the wives had transferred an exceptionally large dose of hashish paste from their mouths to the mouth of the condemned sheik—and when he walked out to be hanged by the neck until dead his mental state was



A Waterproof Sack Used to Run Narcotics Into Seaports. Thrown Overboard, If Capture Is Threatened, the Sack Is Kept in Place Like a Buoy by Weights and Ropes.



Ripped Open Shoes Used for Smuggling Dope, Showing How the Packages Are Hidden in the Hollow Soles and Heels.

so dreary he was scarcely conscious of what was happening to him. Hassan-Sabbah, who was once a friend and schoolmate of Omar Khayyam, author of the famous poem called the Rubaiyat, is generally credited with having been the first to discover the narcotic effect of the leaves of the Indian hemp—about 800 years ago, at the time when Crusaders were trying to save the Holy Land from the "infidels."

He fed this drug to members of his secret society, who would then do anything he told them to, and sent them out from his mountain stronghold, called "The Vulture's Nest," to spread terror throughout Persia and surrounding countries. His band of cut-throats would stop at nothing, and for a price, Hassan would undertake the job of assassinating anybody, peasant, chief or even king.

All down the ages, many different races and peoples have fought each other for the possession of Palestine—the natural crossroads between Asia, Africa and Europe.

But the question of who owns the country now has never been settled to the complete satisfaction of its mixed population, made up of many different races but consisting mostly of about



The Upper Photograph Shows the Axle on a Palestine Railroad Car—Another Popular Place for Hiding Hashish, Which Is Concealed in Thin Packages in the Grease Cavity. Below Is a Close-up of the Open Axle Box.

\$25,000 Moslems and 755,000 Jews. So time after time during the past few years these uprisings have broken out between the Arabs, who are Moslems and who have a bitter resentment toward anyone they think is trying to take the country away from them, and the Jews, who feel that even though they may be outnumbered they have a better historical claim to Palestine.

There is no doubt in the mind of the British authorities that the merciless fanaticism of the recent bombings, bombings and murders from ambush was incited by narcotics, mostly hashish, or that the drug is being smuggled into the country by a gang largely interested in profiting from this inter-racial warfare. They even say that the ring may be under the control of one exceedingly clever leader—but who this modern Hassan is and how to catch him is another matter.



# Jean Veber's Strange "Social Cartoons"

*The Famous French Master of the Grotesque Whose Love for What He Thought the Truth Brought Him Only Poverty Is Tardily Honored by Those Who Broke His Heart*



"The Red Ogre," One of Veber's Most Striking Cartoons Showing Communism as a Giggling Woman Destroying Religion and Giggling Up Those Who Believe in Christ—One of the Prophetic Glimpses Which Red Russia and Spain Have Justified.

TEN years ago Jean Veber, the famous French master of the grotesque, turned his face to the wall and died, shattered in body from war gas and heart-sick at the vicious attacks of his critics. Hounded by creditors, his work ridiculed and thrown out of art galleries, frequently arrested, fined and rebuked by the government for his way of looking at things, he couldn't break faith with himself and died because he couldn't.

But as so often happens when a man sees things more clearly than most of his contemporaries and has the courage to portray them as he sees them, belated recognition is finally coming to him long after it is too late for him to enjoy it. A repentant Paris is at last establishing a museum to vindicate and honor this great artist whom it once feared and hated. His strange masterpieces will be brought together and put on exhibition and the proceeds will be paid to his widow as a pension.

Since the days when Veber was slashing away at the follies of mankind with his stinging "social cartoons," some of which are reproduced on this page, there have been many changes in the world, not all of them improvements—and it is of particular interest nowadays to see how a number of his prophecies have been fulfilled.

With uncanny ability for foreseeing the trend of economic and political movements in their early stages, he frequently issued timely warnings in his drawings that might have helped to save the world from some of its worst blunders. If people had only been willing to pay attention to him. But they wouldn't pay attention to him. He had the knack of portraying his ideas with bitter humor, and instead of making people laugh at themselves and perhaps take steps that might forestall the misfortunes he predicted, this only made them angry at him and abusive.

M. Veber never heard of the great American "brain trust," of course. This zealous group of earnest thinkers and polioecologic "advisers" burst upon the political scene with their crackpot theories and peculiar economic curia, some little time after his death. But his cartoon in the upper right corner looks almost as if he had caught a glimpse of what they were going to unleash on the taxpayers—and some of the distressing results—and had made this drawing with the sole intention of forecasting certain conditions that exist at present in Washington.

His keen eyes not only observed the absurdities in his own country but also saw what was going on in the rest of the world. So it is quite possible that he had heard of some of the notions that had already been advanced by American university professors, whose understanding of the world's problems and theories of how to cure them came mainly from reading books written by other university professors, who had also spent their lives grubbing through books and knew little or nothing about the true conditions all around them.

At any rate, there is no doubt that in this cartoon Veber meant to show how foolish it is for anyone to accept the profound pronouncements of professional theorists who know nothing whatever about life as it really is but get all of their knowledge from books. The drawing is called "The Savant" and in it a learned fool is tetering on a pile of books as he lays down the law to a crowd of geese who know no more about what he is talking than does the professor himself. In one hand is a retort, in which he claims his theories have been tested, and the subservient geese save their heads bowed down before him. But from the position they are in, it is evident that they are going to be mightily unhappy geese when the professor and his crack-brained theories come toppling down on them, as is bound to happen any minute.

The large picture at the top of the page is called "The Red Ogre," and in it a learned fool is tetering on a pile of books as he lays down the law to a crowd of geese who know no more about what he is talking than does the professor himself. In one hand is a retort, in which he claims his theories have been tested, and the subservient geese save their heads bowed down before him. But from the position they are in, it is evident that they are going to be mightily unhappy geese when the professor and his crack-brained theories come toppling down on them, as is bound to happen any minute.

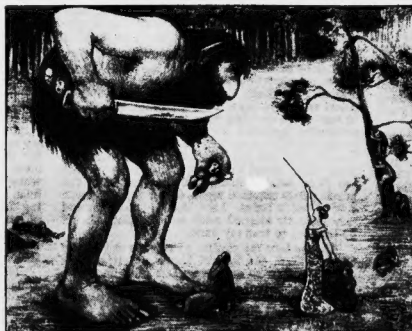
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"Robots of the Machine"—Veber's Protest Against the Dominance of Machinery Over Men, Showing Them as Senseless Creatures, Will and Initiative Destroyed by the "Mechanical" Master They Must Serve.



"The Guilty Conscience"—A Young Peasant Girl Has Broken a Pitcher at the Town Pump, Symbolizing Misconduct, and Fearing That Everyone Knows of It, She Sees Accusing Faces on All the Houses, While Two Geese, Representing the Silly Vanities That Once Gave Her Self-Confidence, Are Deserting Her.



"The Savant"—The Fool Professional Theorist Tettering on His Books and Passing on His Doctrines to Subservient Geese Who Know No More About What He Is Talking Than the Talker Does—One of Veber's Prophetic Cartoons Applicable to Certain Conditions in Washington Today With Its Crackpot Pedagogic "Advisers."

"Robots of the Machine." In this cartoon Veber portrays human beings as robots, their shoulders hooked up with belts to revolving shafts, symbolizing one vast industrial system which compels them to turn out piles of nuts, bolts and gears.

They are not efficient robots, however, and are always breaking down under constant use. So they have to be kept repaired all the time. The one in the lower left corner has just received a new hand, the worn-out hand lying on the workbench nearby, while further up the line another robot goes on working even though he has lost his head.

In the drawing on the upper left, called "The Red Ogre," Veber's prophetic sense is revealed in a particularly striking manner. Here he represents Communism as a huge, brutal woman, trampling down cathedrals and churches and fattening herself by gobbling down men and women who still have faith in their religion. As is so often true of his caricatures, this one has an even more impressive meaning at present than it did when he first drew it, as has been demonstrated by conditions today in Red Russia and Communist Spain.

A warning that might save the world from much misery, if the world could only be induced to heed it, is contained in the picture in the lower right part of the page. It is called "War Horrors" and in it Veber shows the skeletons of men killed in one war rising from the grave to start another one—a conception that has a special significance right now, with continued threats of another world war arising on every hand.

The message in this cartoon is that war never settles any issues. It merely buries them under treaties that are usually humiliating and unfair to someone, but these old, mouldering issues come back from the grave, as if they were the skeletons of the men killed in vain on the battlefield, and start the same senseless conflict all over again.

Veber was not always pessimistic in his cartoons and sometimes he struck a hopeful note, as in the drawing on the lower left, which is called "Civilization Conquering the Brute." The ugly giant is the brutal law of force, which knows nothing except to destroy—the law that might makes right. One by one, the giant has killed the animals of the forest and has come to murder mankind. But the "Queen of Reason," representing true intelligence and true civilization, stands in his path, protecting the people who huddle near her, and turns him into stone. Since the world undoubtedly has a great need right now for this kind of intelligence, it is certainly to be hoped that in this picture Veber reveals a prophetic glimpse into the future that is as accurate as some of the prophecies in his other cartoons have already turned out to be.

Although Veber's chief interest was with subjects that might be said to have a broad "social significance," he sometimes drew cartoons dealing with personal problems, as in the picture in the center of the page, portraying a guilty conscience. In this drawing a peasant girl has taken her pitcher to the town pump and broken it. The town pump represents the common meeting place, where young people get acquainted with each other, and in this instance the girl sees it as a woman with outstretched arms, symbolizing Fate. The broken pitcher stands for misconduct and the two fleeing geese are the girl's silly vanities which had given her faith in herself but are now deserting her. And her guilty conscience makes her see accusing faces upon all the houses around her, representing her fear that everyone in the village knows of her misbehavior.



Jean du Berrie, Who Here Begins His Story of His Life With the Great Apes, Behind the Mounted Body of a Gorilla, Showing the Comparative Proportions of the Man and the Great Beast, and Demonstrating How His Shaggy Protector of the Jungle Sometimes Carried Him Around in His Back.

By JEAN DU BERRIE,

M. E., A. M. T., F. Z. S., Well-Known Naturalist, Adventurer and Explorer, Who Was Shot and Captured in the Jungle As the "Missing Link."

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#### CHAPTER I.

**S**OME men find friends amongst men, some amongst animals. I have found my chief happiness and solace in the companionship of the creatures of the wild. It was in the wilds of Central Africa that I found my greatest and most faithful friends, the Kings of the Forest, the mighty gorillas.

Naked and alone, I met the great anthropoids in their haunts in the depths of tropical Africa. I played with them and talked their language and they accepted me as one of themselves. One huge ape, the truest friend that man could ever have, stood by my side throughout my sojourn in the forest and even fought two mighty battles on my behalf.

I have always loved all living creatures, and they in their turn have always loved me. By means of some unaccountable instinct I am able to exert a sort of charm over them, and never once in my life have I been mauled or bitten by any animal, except in play. I hear on my body the marks of many teeth, but they are the scars of friendly nips; my gorilla playmates, though they were boisterous, never intended me any harm.

Yet it is not all instinct nor unaccountable. Great musicians begin to play on instruments when they are children and all my childhood I played with animals, which was made possible by the lucky chance of birth. I lived at Isola, in Malta, where my father was Consul for eighteen years. He was a well-known naturalist, and when he found that my whole interest was bound up in wild creatures he encouraged it and taught me all he knew.

Gradually all the people on the island came to know of my intense interest, and sailors from the port of Valletta would bring me their ships' pets, chimpanzees, baboons, and even baby gorillas, until I had a veritable zoo on the terrace of the house. Monkeys of all kinds were my particular concern, and at one time I had as many as thirty chimpanzees in my zoo. I used to encourage two of the friendliest of them to climb through my bedroom window at night and talk to me in their own language, something between a bark and a cluck uttered far down in the throat, until we all understood each other perfectly. They were visiting me in my home, and all the time an irresistible longing grew to visit them in their home, the wild.

I learned to make friends with the timber wolf, the bear, and even Onca, the snow leopard—yet it was no miracle. I was learning the manners of the wild, how to behave so as not to frighten or affront its citizens, just as one must know how to behave in order not to be mobbed and arrested in any city. This I was learning, in childhood, the only time it is safe.

Both man and animal have no fear for cubs and puppies and tolerate their mistakes. The wild animals knew I was a harmless cub and overlooked my social errors, though they showed me when I was wrong. At the age of nineteen, I was a fairly well-mannered animal, fit to be presented in most any animal society. But there was nobody to present me. I was a foreigner, without credentials, who must introduce himself which is always something of a disadvantage.

It may surprise you that the only creature father would not let me know was the stork, with its brittle-looking legs and long sharp bill. Storks have a habit of picking up shiny objects and, for that reason, sometimes peck out children's eyes. He said that mine were too bright but I think I could have made the storks understand.

Long before I was nineteen, my parents were resigned to the fact that I would satisfy my ambition to "return the animals' calls" but what I did was worse than they had feared. Nothing would satisfy me but to visit that most unapproachable of animals, the gorilla. The captain and crew of a freighter were convinced that only a lunatic would wish to be dropped on a lonely stretch of the Afri-

can coast, nearest to the gorilla's domain in the Gaboon district. It took thirty pounds (\$150) to soothe the captain's conscience.

Eventually we reached the mouth of the Gaboon River, but when the captain saw that I was to be landed in the surf with no equipment or supplies except the clothes I wore, a knife and a piece of string, that conscience smote him and he offered to return my money if I would let him land me at some civilized port. But I knew what I was doing. My father had taught me that a knife and piece of stout string are the two essentials for the traveler in the warm wilds, and I knew that all else might excite suspicion in the mind of the mighty animal who, I hoped, would accept me socially.

One or two wondering natives attracted by the steamer's pause, appeared and stared at me. I had nothing for them nor they anything for me except information as to how I could get to the edge of the great virgin forests. With pictures drawn in the sand and signs, they made it clear to me that I must let the trade winds blow on my left cheek for a certain number of days and then on my right for a certain number. So I set off, as always, barefoot.

It took me two months. The going was not particularly hard, except for my feet which were not yet inured to continuous travel. Nor did the question of food present much difficulty at first, for much of the land was in a primitive state of cultivation. From time to time I passed straggling native encampments, but the inhabitants stared dully at me and offered no hostility. Often, too, I encountered strange insects and reptiles, which did not interest me much. Nothing would content me but a meeting with the great apes.

At length I reached the fringe of the forest. The way became dark and almost impenetrable, filled with towering giant trees, and a mass of clambering vegetation. The heat was terrific, a sort of steamy moisture in which I found that it was very difficult to breathe. And from all around came the constant humming of innumerable insects. I knew then, as I plunged into the tangled undergrowth and wiped the sweat from my streaming brow, that somewhere in these dense and secret depths dwelt the object of my search—the gorilla.

The riot of vegetation was amazing. High above me was the thick foliage of the trees, palms, mahoganies, baobabs, and cotton trees, while around me there was nothing but a chaos of parasite plants illumined by an occasional ray of sunlight, which pierced through a rift in the inter-

# "Lived With Go

## Astonishing Adventures of a French N

### Invaded the Jungle Homes of the

### Adopted by Them, Then Torn Aw

### Link," and Ended His Extraordina

**J**EUAN Du BERRIE, naturalist, explorer, and adventurer, of London, has lived to tell the remarkable story of his life as an actual member of a gorilla tribe in the almost impenetrable jungles of Central Africa.

Today he presents to readers of *The American Weekly* the first chapter of his strange adventures with the huge and intelligent beasts, who adopted him as one of their own, after he had gone, naked, into their territory and overcome their instinctive fear of man and aversion to all interlopers.

How the naturalist joined the brutes, learned and spoke their "language," and spoke their "language" to their enemies with them—all his astonishing new knowledge about the knowledge unobtainable except by a life with them. But Mr. Du Berrie, the giant leader, his participation in the apes, also provides an adventure most fiction, including the exploits



Photograph of a Native Hunter Examining the Footprints of a Gorilla—Note the Enormous Size of the Prints.



The "Gorilla Dance" of Pigmies Who Live in the Country of the Great Beasts and Which Is Supposed to "Magically" Protect Their Dwellings and Little Clearings From Their Depredations.



A Glimpse of a Part of the Wild, Almost Impenetrable the Gorillas Make Their Hides and Showing Natives

twining tree-tops and slanted down like an arrow. Many people talk of the intense competition of civilization and the way in which the weak and defenceless are driven to the wall, but that is nothing to the fierce competition of the African jungle.

Every plant has a blood-lust, every plant seems to owe its existence to the death of something else. "Kill or be killed" is the motto of the place. There before me gigantic and majestic trees were being strangled to death by parasitic lianas. Stately palms and screw-pines were withering, sucked dry of sap by the crawling horror. And hideously the murderers sprawled about, their fleshy tendrils gently waving in search of food. Even as I watched a small bird fell the prey of a great orchid-like plant which closed like a trap upon it. For a time the plant satiated itself, and then gradually the purple petals unfolded again, disgorging a pathetic relic of brittle bones. I shuddered at the sight and unconsciously stepped aside lest the plant should be tempted to trap my hand.

Thorns tore my clothes to ribbons and on my exposed flesh the insects began a torture that drove me close to madness. But after an hour's painful scramble I broke into a clearing, so fair after the crawling gloom of the trees that it seemed like a lawn laid out by the hand of man. I found afterward that these clearings appear periodically and seem to fulfill some natural function of the

forest, sort of jungle lungs. The sun was getting close to the horizon and I decided to stop there for the night.

A solitary forked tree in the clearing was to be my resting place for the night and refuge especially for those two deadly jungle hours, the one just after sunset and the one just before the dawn, when the carnivorous animals make most of their kills. I cut some trailing creepers and lianas, lacing them together so that they formed a crude sort of hammock. On this foundation I heaped smooth tussocks of dry grass from the clearing, and soon had a comfortable enough bed slung across the fork of the tree.

Now for food and drink. On the trees that fringed the clearing I could see no fruit. I had passed no streams in the forest and obviously could not drink the stagnant marsh water, the home of fever-laden insects. This steaming wilderness of vegetation offered no hospitality, only con-



# rillas" by Jean DuBerrie

**Naturalist Who, Naked and Unarmed, Gigantic Apes Closest to Man, Was as the Long-Sought "Missing Link" Experiment As a "Gorilla God"**

roving band of man-like apes," the silent and frought experiences contribute to science; actually living the animals' in the communal life of a story that surpasses of Trader Horn.



"While the female played with her young one, the great male gorilla moved toward me cautiously, quite still. He approached very gently. Then he came close to me so that his hot breath beat upon my face. He stared into my eyes for some time, then beat his chest and tried his teeth on the flesh of my chest. Then he gave a loud call signifying, I suppose, that I was neither to be feared nor attacked. It was my initiation into gorilla land."



Quaint Old Print of Paul B. du Chaillos' Encounter With a Gorilla During His African Travels in 1895; This Was the First Gorilla Ever to Be Seen by a White Man and the French Explorer Underwent Ridicule and Disbelief When He Reported Its Existence.

stant danger. I broke off a succulent leaf and chewed it, but though it yielded some moisture and quenched my thirst, it had no sustenance in it, and even seemed to emphasize my hunger.

Dismissally I turned back to the clearing. Danger from starvation was a prospect which sapped my courage. I was about to walk sadly across to my tree when suddenly I spied, with the last gleam of the setting sun, a bunch of plantains on a tree close by, half-hidden by the ever present liana.

Evidently some native had once cultivated this clearing, but the fiercely encroaching forest had left only this one plantain to save my life. With the welcome find in my arms I stumbled through the clearing, now as dark as the surrounding forest, and climbed into my eyrie.

Words cannot describe the splendor of the African forest at night. The moon soared above the treetops and tipped everything with silver. Around me giant palms waved their enormous fans in the gentle night airs and above me was the bright galaxy of tropic stars. But enchanting though the forest was to look at, there was a continual stir and whisper, which told of lurking danger. Sudden strange noises sounded below me, the harsh crackle of a leaf, the fearful call of a night bird. From

the far distance came the throb of a voodoo drum where some natives were practicing their foul and unnatural rites. I was to have a nearer acquaintance of these orgies before I left the forest.

As the first pale light of dawn streaked through the forest and turned its darkness to gray, a leopard walked below me. I waited tense upon my perch with my knife ready in my hand. I felt no fear for I believe that a man armed as I was and completely self-possessed would be a match for any leopard. But this time I did not have to put my opinion to the test. The sleek beast seemed to sense that this was no easy prey, for though he hesitated beneath me and licked his chops, he continued on his way, stepping carefully into the shelter of the trees.

So I passed my first night in the jungle, and in many ways it was typical of my life for the next few months, as I passed slowly through the depths of the forest. I suffered agony from insect bites until I remembered a remark my father had made.

One day we had been looking at some insects through a microscope. "You see those little hairs all over their bodies? It's because of those hairs that insects cannot go near grease." If only I could find some grease I could be rid of those pernicious insects. I managed it at length by catching lizards, small snakes and iguanas, taking the lard out of their livers, and smearing it all over myself, hair, eyes, everywhere. To cover my back I was compelled to lace the greasy skins to a tree trunk

and rub myself up and down against them. So I rid myself of that scourge.

The iguanas I used also for food. They were queer, scaly little creatures, with a loose skin hanging down from the throat to the breast, which they puffed up like a bladder when they were angry. They are the most harmless of all animals of the forest, feeding placidly by the banks of a stream on the creamy flowers of the Mahot, and taking to the trees to sleep. On land they move very swiftly, but once in the branches of a tree they never stir, and I was easily able to capture them with a swift grab, or to lasso them with my piece of string.

The rest of my diet consisted chiefly of wild berries, bananas and sugar cane. The dampness of the atmosphere, and the leaves and berries which I chewed, enabled me to go for long periods without water. It was nauseating to drink from the stagnant pools and sluggish streams, which were filled with the rotting bodies of dead animals and the stench of decaying vegetation.

Crocodiles, too, were a menace, and if ever I was forced to drink from a stream I would rush forward, cup my hands hurriedly, and run back before the great scaly beasts basking on the bank could lash out at me with their powerful tails. They have a loathsome habit of eating only rotten flesh; they drown their victims, drag them down to a lair under the mud, and wait until the carcass is decayed before devouring it.

On I went amidst a generous plenty of insects and reptiles, but no lions, elephants and, above all, no sign of gorillas. Before long, however, I had a second meeting with a leopard. Night was falling and, as usual, I picked out a suitable tree for my resting-place.

I was half-way up it, climbing swiftly and noiselessly, for I was an expert climber in those days, when I saw above me a pair of glowing lamps. My eyes, which had become attuned to the queer half lights of the forest, distinguished the tawny hide of a full-grown leopard.

For a moment I hesitated: I had in my hand only a wooden cudgel made from a knobbed vine. But I knew that most wild animals are very cowardly when confronted by man and I felt no fear. Softly I spoke to it, making the "ca-ow" noises with which one leopard greets another, and the sleek beast crept closer and closer until I could feel its hot breath on my cheek. Then suddenly I lunged out with my club, striking the branch on which the leopard crouched, and in a flash the lithe creature had sprung from its perch and disappeared silently into the undergrowth.

"This went on for 60 days while I was able to cover only about 50 miles, less than a mile a day, and gloom settled on me with the fear that I would never find my prize. Then one bright, clear morning came a majestic sound like distant thunder, but it was near and I recognized it, with the thrill of a lifetime. It was the reverberation of mighty fists, pounding a chest as big as a barrel and roaring defiance—a male gorilla defying the

rising sun. I decided to approach the thunderer from above.

Almost from the beginning of my life in the forest I had taken to the trees to escape from the danger of creatures lurking in the undergrowth. It was a quick and easy mode of travel, for the lianas stretched like a network from trunk to trunk. So now I went swinging along as agilely as a monkey, making as little noise as possible and hoping all the time that I had at last come to the end of my long and arduous search.

Awe-inspiring indeed was the sight that met my eyes as I peered warily round the bole of a huge mahogany tree. In the center of a clearing was an immense gorilla. I had seen many of them in captivity, but never before had I seen anything to equal the splendor of this monster. He was indeed King of the Forest, past whom the leopard skulks in fear, and whom even the tawny lion fears to respect.

He was evidently very angry. He beat his breast with renewed fury and his roar rose from a deep bass to a shrill treble. As he roared round the clearing, tearing down branches as thick as a man's arm from the smaller trees, I had a chance of examining him closely. He had an enormous belly and a very deep chest, which was practically bare of hair. Except for the huge jaw his face was surprisingly human, but the sound that issued from his lips seemed beyond all human making.

As I watched, his temper burned itself out. His roars quieted and he stopped beating his breast. He had become reconciled to the sun and I thought it would be all right to come down and present myself, but just then he disappeared. Later I was to meet him many times and see those rages from close range, and I am sure that it was just as well that I failed to present my card at such an inopportune moment.

Next morning I prudently waited until this little unpleasantness between the gorilla and the sun had been over an hour or so before approaching the clearing from which came guttural grunts and short barks of pleasure, half way between a cluck and a pant. The gorilla's jaw is so fashioned that he cannot articulate, therefore, all sounds are formed in the throat. Squeezing my way into the clearing, I stumbled into the presence of the King of the Forest, not five feet away, apparently the same one I had seen the previous morning.

He was obviously old, for the hair was worn off his back in patches, and on the shoulders it was faintly tinged with grey. I stood still, every nerve in my body tinging, and as I watched him I could feel on my naked flesh the heat that emanated from his body. Then all at once I began to beat my breast and utter the cry of peace, the cry which I had learned so carefully from my captive gorilla friends back in Malta; "Ah. Ah. Ah. Ow. Ow. Ow."

For an instant he hesitated, hearing the fami-

(Continued on Page 14)

# America's Most Supple Girl?

**P**RETTY 14-year-old Ida McGuire, of San Diego, can literally sit on her own head. She can stand on her hands and drink a glass of water which she gracefully brings to her mouth with her feet. She has an unusually flexible body and a remarkable sense of balance. Yet she is just a home girl who goes to school as well up in her studies and reserves her acrobatic talents for amateur performances.

Ida has been called "America's most supple girl" by physical culturists and other experts who have seen her go through her stunts. She can twist and turn her body in a way which would arouse the envy of circus contortionists. At the same time she is not "double jointed," nor did she inherit her athletic ability from her parents, who are regular home folks. She simply has been trained by her mother from babyhood on to develop her supple muscles in her lithe young body. She has never been given a lesson by a professional teacher in her life.

Ida's mother, whose name also is Ida, wanted to be a dancer in her youth, but she just never got around to it. After she married Mr. McGuire she settled down and raised a family of four girls and one boy, who now vary in age from ten to seventeen. Little Ida is in the middle of the group as far as years go, and in her Mrs. McGuire saw the possibility of realizing the ambition which she once cherished for herself. And that's what started the youngster on the road to becoming an outstanding contortionist.

Miss McGuire is One of the Few Amateur Contortionists Limer Enough to Sit on Her Own Head, and Many a Professional Can't Do the Trick.

Encouraged by her mother to develop her talents so that some day she might be a movie star, she began a planned course of physical training at home several years ago. Soon she became so devoted to her art that she put in long hours of practice and, at times, had to be driven out of the house to play.

As her muscles and limbs developed, she attempted more and more difficult feats, and continued to practice them until she mastered them. In addition to her calisthenics, she discovered that dancing helped both the limbering up exercises which are used by ballet dancers, and "hard shoe" tap dancing which developed the muscles of her legs.

She has an unusual sense of rhythm which, she says, is a big advantage, and all of the contortions she prefers she does with a rhythmic precision, to a musical accompaniment. As a side issue, she taught herself to play the violin by note and the piano by air.

One of Ida's most enthusiastic spectators is her little dog, Warner. He watched her with so much interest while she practiced that recently Ida thought he might be trained, too. She found him an apt pupil.

He follows her body around as she does the "roll act" with her hands and feet flat on the floor, and while posed in this position he will stand erect on her stomach. He will walk the full length of her body as she does the "slow motion" handspring. He loves to act, and especially likes the applause and the reward given to him whenever he gives an exceptionally good performance.

Some of the things which Ida herself can do and which illustrate how remarkably supple she is, are shown in the photographs on this page. At the left is her famous stunt of sitting on her head, a feat which is difficult even for professional contortionists. Below is a back bend, a position which requires careful coordination of the muscles.

At the right is shown one of the stunts which Ida regards as her greatest accomplishment and which not only demonstrates her suppleness but her fine sense of balance.

A Feat of Balance and Flexibility That Many a Professional Performer Can't Do—Standing on the Hands and Drinking From a Glass Held Between the Feet.



## The Robot That Finds Radium

**A** MECHANICAL clicking hen that "scratches" for the most valuable metal in the world, recently was used by British scientists to locate radium which had been lost or mislaid by those entrusted with its care. The machine produced its sound in a spectacular manner the other day when it unearthed \$800 worth of radium which had been missing for eight years and given up for lost.

The tiny tubes in which radium is placed for treating cancer and similar lesions are so inconspicuous that nurses sometimes forget them and throw away the radium with the bandages or other dressings. Eight years ago at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Newcastle, this happened to a small tube of the precious metal. Scores of hospital workers searched for weeks with no results. The lost radium finally was given up as gone for good.

Recently physical laboratories developed the radium-finding machine christened in England the "clicking hen" because the machine emits a series of clicks or clucks as it picks up rays which the radium emits, more and faster clucks when the radium is nearer and fewer when it is far away.

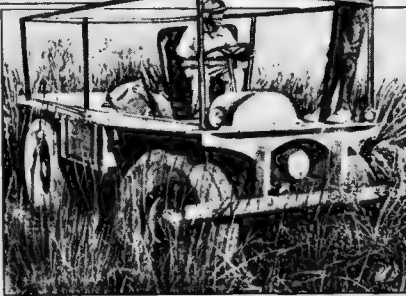
Remembering the radium loss of eight years ago, Newcastle physicians took one of these machines and began searching the neighborhood. Almost at once, the "hen" began clucking vigorously when carried across one of the outer paths in the hospital grounds. Within a few minutes part of the lost radium was located, evidently having passed through the hospital incinerator and been spread on the cinder path with the ashes. Since radium loses only about half of its activity in 2000 years, the eight-year "vacation" did it no important harm. The "hen" now is being used to find more of the lost radium.

In all the hospitals and sanitariums in the world there is less than three pounds of the rare and precious substance that radiates health to diseased tissues. The loss of a fragment too small to see is a serious matter and the mechanical "hen" is one of many devices that have been invented to conserve the stuff that is much more valuable than gold or diamonds.

The operators of the "hen" wear lead gloves to protect themselves from the powerful radiations of the tiny bits of radium the machine locates.



An Old Print Shows a Hunting Howdah Strapped to the Back of an Elephant. This Method of Hunting Has Been Popular in the Jungles of India for a Long Time.



The Motorized "Elephant," Patterned After the Indian Model, Which Carries Hunters Comfortably Through the Swamps of the Florida Everglades. The Big Doughnut-like Tires Keep the Machine From Sinking Into the Mud.



Another of the California Girl's Spectacular Maneuvers. Balancing on Her Forearms, She Holds One Leg Perpendicular and Swings the Other One Forward, Holding One Foot in Her Hands.

## A Motorized "Elephant" for Big Game Hunters

**T**HE trackless wilds of the Florida Everglades abounding in deer, wild boar and wildcat as well as lesser game, are no longer the exclusive hunting preserve of Seminole Indians and a few daring pale face sportsmen since a motorized "elephant," invented by Guy Peabody of Miami, has made its debut. Now even timid muckraks can "make safaris" as safely and even more comfortably than if carried in the howdah of an Eastern hunting elephant from whom Peabody adapted the idea for his unique vehicle.

For many years the treacherous, swampy terrain of the Everglades, infested by alligators and poisonous reptiles was a refuge for the Indians as well as for the Spaniards bent on conquering Florida, they failed to conquer the Seminoles, who retired to their happy hunting grounds in the glades. There they fished and killed abundant fresh meat safe from the pale faces.

Down through the years, the Seminoles became civilized, but the Everglades changed little if at all. Game multiplied and the Florida hinterland became a hunter's paradise, but a difficult one to enter. Then Peabody thought up his idea for a motorized "elephant."

He designed and built a vehicle with a powerful motor which could roll over sandy ground, marshy spots and tangled underbrush on overcast doughnut-like tires.

The driver's seat was placed in the center of the "Everglades Cruiser" as it was christened, so that the hunters on safaris could get a clear shot from any point of the compass. A pipe rail fence was constructed on top of the flat surface of the vehicle, becoming the howdah, which prevented too enthusiastic sportsmen from falling over the side.

In addition to regular headlights a specially designed one was put under the platform in the place where the radiator normally would be. The cooling system itself was set back, behind an iron bumper to prevent the possibility of breaking coils through contact with concealed tree trunks.

Uniquely adapted for its work the motorized "elephant" is much more efficient than a hunting elephant in at least one respect. There is plenty of room aboard to carry the game which is shot, solving a problem which formerly confronted the sportsman who hunted on foot.

Before the event of the Everglades Cruiser it was not only difficult to navigate through the glades, but it was a superhuman task to bring out a deer, wild boar, or other heavy animal, which had been bagged in the chase.

can't be convinced that Horace isn't a baby monkey. He never did enjoy a minute's freedom in the jungle for some mother monkey would promptly take him in tow and treat him as her own. Of course this was all right in the wilds, where the bananas were supplied him along with mother love, but since being captured and fed by the zoo, he rather resents this adoption business.

Still there is nothing much he can do about it all. If he is put in a cage with other monkeys, he is mothered. If he is given quarters to himself he becomes lonely and sulky. Zoo attendants seem to think that the solution is to supply him with a wife and they recently petitioned the curator to supply one. A companion, they pointed out, would make Horace a very happy marmoset and would only increase the food budget to the extent of two bananas a month.

Of ALL the inmates of the big London Zoo, Horace, a midget marmoset, undoubtedly is the most economical and easiest to feed. Every two weeks the commissary department of the menagerie orders just one yellow banana for him which takes care of fourteen breakfasts, lunches and suppers with a bit of extra-curricular or midnight nibbling thrown in.

As may be seen in the accompanying picture, Horace's two weeks supply of food is as big as he is. The marmoset, which is unusually small even for his species, may be easily held in the palm of his keeper's hands. He would be a hapless little fellow if he didn't have a problem which he brought with him from the Central American jungles where he was captured. Larger monkeys in the zoo try to adopt him just as they did in his native wilds. Adult mother simians somehow just

live two weeks on a banana.

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A Midget Marmoset in the London Zoo Is So Small It Can Be Held in a Keeper's Hand—With Food Enough for a Fortnight.

## Fish That Carry Their Own Lights

**J**UST as surface vessels carry the familiar starboard and port, some species of deep sea fish carry their own lights, too. And they spoil disaster as well as danger so far as smaller fish are concerned, according to Dr. Julian Huxley, noted British scientist, who recently revealed many unusual traits of the inhabitants of the murky darkness who swim about at depths never visited by deep sea divers.

Only a few ichthyologists in diving bells have had the opportunity to see these fish that carry their own lights.

Shining from a black fish hundreds of feet beneath the surface of the water, these deep sea headlights which are sometimes colored red and blue, attract lesser denizens of the ocean who come out of hiding to find what it is all about, only to be gobbled up for their trouble.

Turn to Page 16 FOR The American Weekly HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANAC It's a "different" housemaking feature—and you may make money by reading it.



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(Continued from Double Page)

lar cry and I felt as though I could read what was going on within his soul. This is very strange, he seems to be saying to himself. Here is a queer little man in the forest apparently not afraid of me. He does not look much like a gorilla, and yet he makes a noise like one and talks our language. It is altogether beyond my comprehension. Perhaps I'd better go and think it over.

He gave a great roar, which for a second I thought was a prelude to an attack, but instead he turned into the thick undergrowth and disappeared. I followed as quickly as I could, banging my head against the trunks of the trees in my haste to keep up with him, but he was more used to the forest than I was, and soon he had completely vanished from sight and left me alone.

Later from my observation post, I saw a small family of gorillas on the far side of the clearing. There was a large male younger than the one which I had already encountered, but quite full-grown, and two females and two young ones. The male was busily engaged in eating his breakfast if it could be so called, for the gorillas are great eaters and would feed all day without a break if they could find enough of the right food. He was squatting down on his haunches and had his great arms round a bush. He dragged the whole bush towards him, uttering the cry that I had just attempted to make. "Ah Ah Ah Oh Oh Great." Then he began to pull off great mouthfuls of leaves and bark and eat them. His jaws clamped powerfully, and I heard the sound of his teeth as they crunched the leaves and bark together. The female nearest to me was

playing with one of the younger ones, lying on her back and raising the little fellow up on her powerful back legs. These limbs are immensely strong. I have seen the gorilla stretch down one of its legs from the branches of a tree and lift up one of its playmates bodily. But now the great female who could have disemboweled me with one blow of her arm, was handling the young one with the tenderest care and he was crouching with delight. The other female was busily searching her offspring's hair.

Cautiously I lowered myself to the ground and set out towards the family. The huge male scented me before I was well out of the shade of the mahogany tree. He loosed the bush which he had been clasping in his breast and gave a great howl. He stood upright, five or six feet of towering strength, let out a deep roar and rushed at me. As he thundered towards me, crushing beneath him any bush that lay in his path, I side-stepped and made for the trees.

For a minute, as I swarmed up the mahogany, I thought that my last hour had come. I heard him panting behind me and growing deep down in his throat. But luckily, the gorilla was a full-grown specimen, weighing close on 700 pounds, as far as I could judge, and this great weight meant that he was too heavy to climb the trees. He was forced to stay on the ground and I was

safe in my perch. This is a very common occurrence in the gorilla world, the majority of full-grown beasts being forced to become groundlings.

I remained in my retreat until the gorilla had resumed his family again, and then I once more climbed down and approached them.

Gradually the gorilla let me approach, until by sunset I had succeeded so well that I was almost able to touch them. As night fell and they began moving slowly away from the clearing, eating as they went, I realized regretfully that for a time, at any rate I must leave them and seek the safety of my cave.

I replenished my dwindling store of plantains gathered a few wild guavas and a number of figs, slipped into my English boots, but very much bigger, which I found very refreshing to wear. I added with these I returned to my tree-house. For some time I had made use of one particular tree, and it was considerably better than the one which I had passed my first jungle nights. At the top I had hung a few plantains from which I kept a look-out at night, and below was another platform for storing food. Between the two was my basket-sown handkerchief, which kept reasonably dry during the rains. I finished the task of storing the fruit in my platform and my frugal supper and went aloft to the look-out to keep my night's vigil.

Next morning, after a good feed of the fruits I had accumulated, I made for that clearing determined that this time it should be do or die. I found it empty. There was nothing to do but hunt for my chimpanzee gypsies and ask straggled toward the next clearing. I rejoined to hear, coming from it, the high chucking sounds indicating gorillas in a good humor.

In the middle of a shady glade I saw a great crowd on the ground and looking like some majestic king. Around him, munching the succulent berries, roamed two young ones and two females, clucking with pleasure and crushing the juicy shoots between their great teeth.

But in spite of my caution they scented me and in a flash as the strange well was called in their nostrils they disappeared into the gloom of the forest. Quickly, before they had time to go far, I went out into the middle of the glade and called to them. I beat my breast and barked. In show they then that I was a friend and at last my faith and optimism was rewarded, they began to peep around the trees and come out into the open.

Gradually they resumed their endless meal, looking over their shoulders at it as they had done the day before, but offering me no violence. Then the young ones began to play a game of sort of tag, but a serious crowd deal rougher than that played by children in the playgrounds of England. They raced round the clearing, sometimes on all fours, sometimes walking on two legs like a man. When they came within reach of each other they dealt a terrific buffet, which would easily have dismembered a man, but apparently they hardly felt these knocks, or, if they did, the only effect was to redouble the fun that they were enjoying.

Here, evidently, was my opportunity. The gorillas were in the best of temper and might accept me easily and readily. I took on the redoubtable belt which supported my knife and dropped it beside me on the ground, thinking it better not to have anything on my body. Then I raced across the grass and dealt the nearest gorilla as hard a blow on the back as I could manage.

The game stopped abruptly. The gorilla stayed in their

## "I Lived With Gorillas" By Jean Du Berrie

tracks as though suddenly transformed into stone. Only the great male in the middle of the glade moved. A crest of hair rose up on his head, giving him a very magnificent and terrifying appearance, and he moved toward me cautiously, yet with dignity. I stayed quite still, hoping that the outcome of this meeting would be a happy one. It would be either that or death. He approached very gently so that I had to marvel at the grace of the great beast. When he was three yards away he began to make a soft coughing noise, and I immediately began to copy him, producing the sound as well as I could from the back of my throat: Ah Ah Ah Oh Oh Oh.

We stood like that for several minutes then he came close to me so that his hot breath beat upon my face. He gazed steadily into my eyes for some time and then bent his head and tried his teeth on the flesh of my chest.

This was not in the nature of a bite, for my hide would not have been tough enough to stand such a test. It was almost a token of affection.

When it was over the gorilla walked round me, sniffing me all over, and then he gave a loud call, signifying, I suppose, that he had examined this strange newcomer and that, though he was certainly queer in the extreme, he was not to be feared or attacked.

The others, being, younger, lacked the assurance of my examiner. They were obviously in an agony of curiosity, and yet could not summon up the courage to examine me at close quarters.

I felt that it would be a bad policy to do anything but stand still and allow myself to be pulled about, scratched and poked, for only by this treatment could I hope to get myself accepted by the gorillas as one of themselves.

A meeting of strange dogs is very similar to that meeting of mine with the young gorilla. They edged from side to side, looked at me from all angles, and were very obviously ready to tear me to bits if I showed the slightest sign of hostility. Then they started to touch me and push me about, but in a very friendly way, as if they were not a very pleasant sensation. At last, one of them broke the ice.

While I had my back turned to him he rushed up behind me and took a great tug at my hair. The next spring to my eyes and, acting suddenly, as my instinct bade me, I rushed after him.

him as he made for the trees, tripping him and throwing myself on his back. Soon there was a medley of limbs on the grass, my own mingled with the black ones of the gorilla, and though I had to be careful to avoid the sharp teeth, I knew that I was accepted, that in spite of my white skin, I was adopted by the gorillas.

Our rough and tumble over we rested on the soft grass and as I lay panting and more from the boisterous encounter a wild feeling of exhilaration surged over me.

I realized that trouble was ahead for me because male gorillas, even brothers, frequently fight, giving and taking terrific punishment, for which they are built, but which would be fatal to me. Since I had pretended that I was one of their kind and they had accepted me, how was I to avoid these natural duels? Well, that was a problem which could not wait and it did not for long.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

## Men as Her Stepping-Stones

(Continued from Page 13)

Nursemaid! His voice was light and bantering. "I'm sure you'll dance with me. Ever since I came into this hall I've been looking at you, wanting to ask you to dance. You have been looking at me too, haven't you?" He asked laughingly. "I've seen you. You can't deny it."

A quick color rose to her cheeks, her slight body stiffened. How dare he say that to her? These rich fellows thought they could get away with murder!

If I have been looking at you, it's because I thought you out of place here," she said sharply. "What do you want to come here for anyhow, you and your friends?" You don't fit in here any more than we would fit in your well-placed. We don't come and stare at you and goggle and think how comic you are. I know what you call coming here, you call it 'goggling'! Well, we call it 'looking'! We resent your intrusion."

He was decidedly taken aback. He wasn't used to girls who talked frankly like this, nor to girls who told him off freely. "I'm awfully sorry if we appear to you like that," he stammered. "But it isn't true. We didn't come here to stare, as you say. We came down here for some fun."

"Can't you have your fun where you belong?" she flashed back at him. "You think you're superior. We think you're 'a-bashed and chose the worst shakedown would be most marking we think you're just silly.' His good-looking face colored. "I didn't think of it like that," he said.

She looked at her head. "Well, just think about it like that," she said.

(Continued on Page 13)

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**Turn to Page 16**

Professor Laird Tells why empty stomachs make most children naughty—in "The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanac." Other attractive facts about unusual recipes and a chance to win \$5. Turn to Page 16.

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# Men as Her Stepping-Stones by Maxie Greig



(Continued from Page 14)

And now, I wish you good evening."

But he didn't want to go. He must get to know this girl somehow. She intrigued him more than any girl he had met in years.

"Look here," he said, "won't you forget all you've been saying and dance with me? I'll even admit you may be right. All the same, now I am here why shouldn't we be friends? Please dance with me once, please, you I won't trouble you again."

"You wouldn't know how to keep your promise," she said. "Your sort of man doesn't. As soon as a girl gives him an inch he demands a mile."

"But I'm not like that, honestly," he found himself pleading with her, and it was a new experience for him to plead with a girl. "Just let me have this one dance."

She was tempted, more tempted than she cared to admit. She told herself he was conceited but there was something about him she liked. The same thing which most women liked about Bruce. Attraction, sex-appeal, whatever you like to call it. But he had it plenty of it.

Sally had determined she wouldn't dance with him, but, just then, glancing towards the dance floor, she saw Jeff bend very close to Peggy and quickly snatch a kiss. She closed her eyes momentarily. Sudden tears threatened, then she opened her eyes quickly and turned towards Bruce.

"All right," she said, his small voice grating slightly. "I'll dance with you. Why not?"

They stepped onto the dance floor and she gave herself into his arms. He danced as she had always wanted Jeff to dance—smoothly, quietly.

A queer new thrill went through her, a sense of pride that she was dancing with him and other people were watching them. She hoped Jeff was watching them! She knew there would be a devil of a row afterwards. Did she care? Hadn't he kissed Peggy on the dance floor right before her very eyes? This might teach him not to do so again in a hurry! Bruce hunched slightly over her as they danced. She was so small she scarcely came up to his shoulder.

"Tell me something about yourself," he said. "And, more important, tell me your name."

"Sally," she told him. "Sally Carson."

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be high about it." He was about to dance away again when suddenly Bruce's hand shot out. He gripped Jeff's arm.

"This man has stolen my wallet," he said in a sharp, decisive tone. "Will someone please send for the police?"

## CHAPTER III.

### Jeff Faces Prison.

TO SALLY the next few minutes were a nightmare. Attendances rumbled up and closed in on Jeff. He fought madly at first, but they were too many for him.

"It's a lie," he shouted hoarsely. "I haven't touched this guy's wallet. What would I want with it, anyhow?"

In the pandemonium which ensued, Sally swung upon Bruce furiously.

"Of course it's a lie," she cried, tossing back her head, her small face contorted with rage. "How dare you accuse Jeff of having stolen your wallet? You know he hasn't. He wouldn't do such a thing."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating," Bruce replied curtly. "Directly the police are here I am going to have him searched."

Two policemen arrived a few moments later.

"I demand to have this man searched. He has stolen my wallet," Bruce declared.

One of the policemen took Jeff by the arm. "Come along to the manager's office," he said. "We'll settle it there."

Jeff was led away protesting. Sally overheard Bruce say to one of his friends: "Just one thing, I can't stand a criminal who won't condone petty thieving and larceny. I could never forgive the mean wretch who steals a man's wallet."

Sally clenched her small hands, her face was deathly white. The contempt in his voice! How she hated him for it! She sank down on a chair and pushed the lock of copper hair out of her eyes. She was shaking all over. She felt sick, too, with apprehension.

But, of course, it would be all right. How could Jeff possibly have stolen the fellow's wallet? He wouldn't steal anything. She herself had over-and-over again said that.

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any sense and quickness he'd have got away with it. Now my brother..."

Sally turned on her fiercely. "Be quiet," she cried. "I don't want to hear any more from you. There's some explanation. There must be. I'm going along to the police station to see Jeff right now, if they'll let me."

"You're a fool, Sally," the old woman growled. "A loyal fool, but a fool all the same. This is your big excuse for giving him up."

"You don't think I'd turn on him now he's down and out?" the girl asked contemptuously.

"You'd better," Mrs. Carson advised. "You don't want to get yourself mixed up in this, do you?"

"If Jeff's mixed up in it, I'm mixed up in it," Sally said curtly.

"Oh well, go your own way and be damned," the old woman muttered.

Sally was allowed to see Jeff for a few moments that afternoon.

"It was a joke, Sally," he said, his voice hoarse and pathetic.

"You don't believe I meant to steal that fellow's wallet, do you? I saw him dancing with you and I got kind of

mad, so I thought I'd pinch it for a joke. I was going to give it back when he shot out his arm and grasped my wrist and accused me of stealing it, before all those people. It seemed foolish to try to explain that it was only a joke. But I swear to you it was a joke. You believe me, don't you?"

She believed him, or at least she told herself that she did. She wanted desperately to believe in him. She had set all her young ideals upon him. She couldn't lose them all at once. She had been so lonely for years for love and happiness. Jeff had been the first man in her life. Now she couldn't allow herself to believe him a common thief.

"Yes, it was a joke, Jeff," she said shakily. "But it was a poor one, wasn't it?"

He ran a hand through his rumpled hair.

"I'm in a devil of a mess. It will mean the Big House for me if this case comes up. Sally, you've got to get that fellow to drop the case."

She started and stared at him. "I've got to get the fellow to drop the case?"

He nodded. His voice was hoarse and urgent. "Yes, if you

love me you will. It's my only chance. I—," a sharp shudder went through him. "I—couldn't face prison. I'd go all to pieces, honest I would. I'd ruin me. I'd never be able to get a decent job. We'd never be able to get married, see?"

She nodded dumbly. Yes, she did see. Once the stigma of prison was on a man it was difficult, almost impossible for him to get a decent job that would pay him well enough to get married on.

"But how do you think I could persuade him to drop the case, Jeff?" she asked presently.

"Oh, you know how," he said impatiently. "He was dancing with you, wasn't he, when it happened? He must have thought you pretty swell to ask you to dance. He's got an eye on you, obviously. Well then, he'd do something for you, wouldn't he?"

And see him. Use the good old sex-appeal."

"Jeff!" It was a small stifled cry. She was staring at him. "How could you think that?"

"Oh, snap out of it!" he answered. "Don't get so innocent. You don't have to give him any-

(Continued on Page 17)

## Here's The Way To Glamorous, Brilliant Hair even during hot August days



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**WHY THE HOT SPELL COST HIM THE ONE JOB HE WANTED**

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DON'T FEEL SO BADLY ABOUT IT, JIM

BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! LAST WINTER WHEN THEY SPOKE OF OPENING A FLORIDA OFFICE, THEY SAID THEY WOULD MAKE ME MANAGER

I KNOW IT'S A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT, BUT IT ISN'T YOUR FAULT, JIM

MAYBE IT IS MY FAULT, I'M GOING TO ASK THEM

YES?

YES, BUT THE REAL THINGS GOES TO LIFEBOUY

THANKS TO THE CHIEF'S HINT ABOUT "B.O."—HERE WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO THAT FLORIDA JOB!

YES, BUT THE REAL THINGS GOES TO LIFEBOUY

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YES, BUT THE REAL THINGS GOES TO LIFEBOUY





# Every Woman Her Own Caterer

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

VERY woman today can be her own caterer. With the aid of the modern electric refrigerator, or the efficient agitator type of hand crank-freezer, she can connect the most delicious and novel dainties in a surprisingly short time.

And what a satisfaction that is, when family and friends are so enthusiastic about refreshing chill desserts. For what other course is more appreciated at the summer home meal than a last frozen sweet, what, other refreshment more welcome to guests than ice cream, sherbet, unusual frozen pudding or ice-box cake?

At this time, too, there is the added point of having so many fresh fruits at the height of their season: peaches, melons, plums, bananas, and an assortment of berries which make it possible to enjoy fruitful desserts often and inexpensively.

Take advantage, then, of chill and cooling fruitful desserts. Shall it be ice cream? Or sherbet? Mousse? Frozen pudding?

The technique of making frozen sweet mixtures is very constant, no matter what type is desired. In making ice cream or any other mixture using milk, the milk and cream must both be scalded before combining with other ingredients. This is done to reduce the amount of water in the milk and to make the fat particles clump together, or what is called "homogenized." Anyone who has made ice cream and then discovered, after all her trouble, that the resulting cream is splintery and full of ice crystals, will understand this caution: watery milk or other ingredients will give a displeasing water product.

For the same reason, practically every mixture to be frozen requires some amount of what is called a "stabilizing" ingredient. This may be corn syrup, gelatin, sweet of egg or cornstarch. When a small amount of any of these is added to the mixture to be frozen, it helps that mix become smooth and velvety instead of crystal-like. And, for the identical reason, we generally blend sugar and water into a syrup before adding to the mix. The boiling completely dissolves the sugar, for one thing, and, for another, it helps make it smooth so that the mix may be beaten into that perfect velvety lusciousness which makes everyone exclaim that they certainly do enjoy ice cream.

Another point which will bring success to the home caterer is to have all the ingredients at the same temperature when they are blended. That is, if using milk or cream with cold fruit juices, have both at the same temperature of coolness before blending them. Remember what happens in making cream of tomato soup if the tomato juice is hot and the milk cold!

And, of course, in using the freezing trays of an electric refrigerator, the whole point of fast freezing must be closely observed. The faster the mix is frozen the smoother will be the texture. Recently the writer was talking with an older woman who had just "bought" an automatic refrigerator, and who complained that she never had success in making frozen desserts. On closer questioning it came out that she put the mixture into the trays, set the indicator control at the highest temperature so the dessert would freeze as slowly as possible. No wonder the splintery!

Another point in this technique is to really time the freezing as you would time cooking with heat. When the mix is about half frozen, it is usually, at that point, called a "mush." It is then that the tray should be entirely removed from the electric refrigerator, and the mix "scraped" from the sides and bottom of the tray, and beaten smooth.

This instruction is found in practically all recipes for making these desserts, and yet it is sometimes ignored. The extra agitation is required to replace the continuous beating which is given in the hand-crank type of freezer. Some people turn the mix over-and-over in its pan, using a large fork, a spatula or a large spoon.

Others remove the "mush" to a mixing bowl and beat with a rotary beater. This may depend on the recipe.

Another small but important point is when to add the stabilizer. Shall the corn syrup be added at once, or shall the egg whites be beaten in last? In general, corn syrup and gelatin are added as ingredients to the original mix, but whipped egg whites and also whipped cream are usually added last, or at least when the mix is frozen to a "mush." If beaten whites or cream were added at the beginning, they would become watery at once and lose their value.

It is well to remember, too, in making any frozen mix, that it must taste much sweeter before freezing than it is expected to taste when finished. The same holds true of flavoring. Others remove the "mush" to a mixing bowl and beat with a rotary beater. This may depend on the recipe.

Speaking of flavoring and sugar, we must not forget, also, that small detail of adding the proverbial "grain of salt." For salt heightens many things and gives coffee. And it deepens flavor. The clever caterer will become expert in making two kinds of

cream, or a cream and a fruit sherbet, and molding one on top of the other. Or she will use sponge cake, real, fresh-baked vanilla wafers, macaroni crumbs or crumbled gingersnaps as the "cake," or for lining the bottom and sides of her freezer trays, before putting in the cream mixture. Also, it is well to line the tray with heavy wax paper, so that the finished cream may easily be removed by pulling up the fold-down paper flaps.

Fruits which are not sufficiently perfect or fine for table use are just the thing to use for frozen fruit dishes. Some women pick over their berries, peaches, etc., with this in mind, and at once immerse the cut fruits in a light sugar syrup to pour into jars and store in the refrigerator. Try some of the new unusual, and seasonable frozen fruit desserts—first keeping in mind these hints on home catering:

1. Do not use cream that is too rich in butter fat—a 30 per cent cream is sufficiently heavy. 2. Do not whip cream too stiff, but only to a soft, fluffy or custard consistency. 3. Evaporated milk may be substituted for cream by placing can in freezing compartment and chilling thoroughly before whipping. 4. Sweetened condensed milk, or a cream and a fruit sherbet, and molding one on top of the other. Or she will use sponge cake, real, fresh-baked vanilla wafers, macaroni crumbs or crumbled gingersnaps as the "cake," or for lining the bottom and sides of her freezer trays, before putting in the cream mixture. Also, it is well to line the tray with heavy wax paper, so that the finished cream may easily be removed by pulling up the fold-down paper flaps.

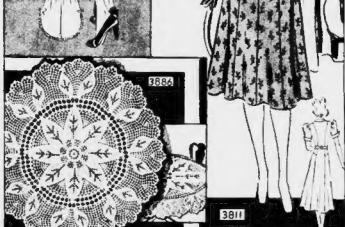
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# Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

| MONDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | TUESDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | WEDNESDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | THURSDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | FRIDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | SATURDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | SUNDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Breakfast</b><br>Fruit Compote<br>Cereal<br>Bran<br>Vanilla Wafers<br>Milk or Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Macaroni Casserole<br>Eggplant<br>Tomato<br>Jelly Salad<br>Cucumber<br>Dressing<br>Peach<br>Supper<br>Dinner<br>Vegetables<br>Stuffed Veal<br>Savory Potatoes<br>Salad<br>Tomato<br>Cabbage<br>Cherry<br>Whipped Cream | <b>Breakfast</b><br>Tomato Juice<br>Fruit<br>Poached Eggs<br>Milk or Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Macaroni Casserole<br>Eggplant<br>Tomato<br>Jelly Salad<br>Cucumber<br>Dressing<br>Peach<br>Supper<br>Dinner<br>Vegetables<br>Stuffed Veal<br>Savory Potatoes<br>Salad<br>Tomato<br>Cabbage<br>Cherry<br>Whipped Cream | <b>Breakfast</b><br>Fruit Compote<br>Cereal<br>Bran<br>Vanilla Wafers<br>Milk or Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Macaroni Casserole<br>Eggplant<br>Tomato<br>Jelly Salad<br>Cucumber<br>Dressing<br>Peach<br>Supper<br>Dinner<br>Vegetables<br>Stuffed Veal<br>Savory Potatoes<br>Salad<br>Tomato<br>Cabbage<br>Cherry<br>Whipped Cream | <b>Breakfast</b><br>Fruit Compote<br>Cereal<br>Bran<br>Vanilla Wafers<br>Milk or Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Macaroni Casserole<br>Eggplant<br>Tomato<br>Jelly Salad<br>Cucumber<br>Dressing<br>Peach<br>Supper<br>Dinner<br>Vegetables<br>Stuffed Veal<br>Savory Potatoes<br>Salad<br>Tomato<br>Cabbage<br>Cherry<br>Whipped Cream | <b>Breakfast</b><br>Fruit Compote<br>Cereal<br>Bran<br>Vanilla Wafers<br>Milk or Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Macaroni Casserole<br>Eggplant<br>Tomato<br>Jelly Salad<br>Cucumber<br>Dressing<br>Peach<br>Supper<br>Dinner<br>Vegetables<br>Stuffed Veal<br>Savory Potatoes<br>Salad<br>Tomato<br>Cabbage<br>Cherry<br>Whipped Cream | <b>Breakfast</b><br>Fruit Compote<br>Cereal<br>Bran<br>Vanilla Wafers<br>Milk or Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Macaroni Casserole<br>Eggplant<br>Tomato<br>Jelly Salad<br>Cucumber<br>Dressing<br>Peach<br>Supper<br>Dinner<br>Vegetables<br>Stuffed Veal<br>Savory Potatoes<br>Salad<br>Tomato<br>Cabbage<br>Cherry<br>Whipped Cream | <b>Breakfast</b><br>Fruit Compote<br>Cereal<br>Bran<br>Vanilla Wafers<br>Milk or Coffee<br>Luncheon<br>Macaroni Casserole<br>Eggplant<br>Tomato<br>Jelly Salad<br>Cucumber<br>Dressing<br>Peach<br>Supper<br>Dinner<br>Vegetables<br>Stuffed Veal<br>Savory Potatoes<br>Salad<br>Tomato<br>Cabbage<br>Cherry<br>Whipped Cream |

## American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3887—THE "FOUNDATION" OF YOUR WARDROBE. A SMOOTH-FITTING SLIP, PANTIES AND BLOOMERS ALL FROM ONE PATTERN! Designed for misses and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 16 slip requires 2½ yards 39-inch fabric and 1 yard contrast.

Pattern 3888—A CHICK PROCK FOR LAY SCHOOL—WITH A SEPARATE BOILER THAT YOU CAN WEAR WITH OTHER DRESSES, TOO. Designed for girls and junior sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 39-inch fabric and 1 yard contrast.

Pattern 3889—AN HEIRLOOM DONE IN JIFFY CROCHET WITH A LARGE HOOK AND TWO STRANDS OF STRING. Pattern 3886 contains directions for making a 62 and a 37-inch cloth (also other sizes); material requirements, photograph of cloth, illustrations of it and of stitches.

## Men as Her Stepping-Stones

(Continued from Page 15)

thing you don't want to. Just get him to drop the case. A fellow like that will do a lot for a pretty girl. Go and see him, put to him anything, you don't have to give it to him.

Sally closed her eyes. She wished she could close her ears. She hated to hear him talk this way. She wouldn't have believed he could talk this way. But, of course, he was desperate. She opened her eyes presently and said:

"Why don't you get Peggy to go and see him? He's a pretty girl, too. At least, you seem to think so."

"Oh, yes," he raised one eyebrow and grinned faintly. "Snap out of it, Sally. This isn't the time for jealousy. This is the time we should stick together, you and me. You know Peggy means nothing to me. May-

I'm certainly **HEALTHY**... but not at all **WEALTHY**... so I must be **WISE!**

Yes, very wise—because her laxative has "exercising action"

WHAT a wonderful change in Connie! All her friends are saying, "She's the picture of health these days."

Yes, not so long ago, Connie hardly ever felt really well. There seemed to be no way to solve her constipation problem. She suffered from "nerves"—felt sluggish and tired.

Then a friend begged her to try Saraka—the laxative with "exercising action." Connie bought a tin from her druggist. What a pleasant surprise to find how agreeable Saraka was to take!

The Saraka tin is filled with tiny brown granules. You measure out a teaspoonful—then swallow a few granules at a time while drinking a glass of water.

After passing through the stomach, the Saraka granules absorb water. Gradually they expand. Bulk and run into soft, smooth bulk. And that bulk helps explain Saraka's "exercising action." You know how

... Saraka tones up your internal muscles by giving them gentle, natural exercise.

But Saraka gives you more than that. You get Bulk Plus Mucilax! For Saraka contains a specially treated cortex (fengula which stimulates intestinal muscles to get busy and do their work more thoroughly.

Results of this perfectly balanced action are not violent... or embarrassingly urgent. Most users recall their healthy youth when constipation was a thing never thought of. Ask your doctor about Saraka. We are confident he will tell you that it is safe and non-habit forming. The coupon below will bring you a free sample tin.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Dept. 453, Bloomfield, N.J.

See below for a free trial tin of Saraka. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.

**SARAKA**

THEY WORRIED OVER BETTY LOU'S TANTRUMS

I DON'T LIKE THIS PARTY! I WANT TO GO HOME WAAAH

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, BETTY LOU? YOU HOME

WE JUST CAN'T THINK WHAT AILS BETTY LOU LATELY. MY LITTLE NIECE WAS LIKE A TANTRUM. THEN THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG AND WE DISCOVERED HARSH BATH-ROOM TISSUE WAS MAKING THE CONDITION WORSE

OUR DOCTOR TOLD US TO CHANGE TO A REALLY ABSORBENT PAPER LIKE SOFT-WEVE WALDORF

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA BECAUSE BETTY LOU'S SO CARELESS

THAT NIGHT LOOK AT ALL THESE THIN SPOTS—WHY THERE ARE EVEN TINY SPLINTERS!

CERTAINLY LOOKS ROUGH AND HARSH ENOUGH BETTER GET SOME KIND OTHER KIND

I DID LOOK AT THIS SOFT-WEVE WALDORF TISSUE. NORMA TOLD ME ABOUT

NOW THAT IS SOFT AND ABSORBENT. NORMA WAS DONE US ALL A FAVOR

3 WEEKS LATER BETTY LOU CERTAINLY LOOKS HAPPY AND WELL. NOW I MUST SAY!

YES—SOFT-WEVE WALDORF HAS HELPED HER AS MUCH AS IT DID YOUR LITTLE NIECE... AND SAVES US MONEY TOO

MAKE THE LIGHT TEST YOURSELF AND SEE Soft-Weve WALDORF'S GREATER COMFORT AND PROTECTION

5¢

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TISSUE

Waldorfs

A Scott Tissue



2 WEEKS ONLY [OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 22nd] LIMIT 1 PAIR TO A CUSTOMER

# GENUINE FULL-FASHIONED Admiration Sheer Chiffon \$1.00 less run SILK STOCKINGS

For Only 50¢

And Sales Slip Showing  
Purchase of 2 Packages  
of Wheaties. Use Coupon  
Below. Perfect Fit and  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**NOTE PLEASE:** This offer made by the Wheaties people to induce more women to try "the cereal children adore." And, cooperating, are the Admiration people to attract the attention of thousands more women to a new conception of value in silk hosiery—the full-fashioned, naturally dull, sheer Crepe Chiffon, Admiration less run Silk Stockings shown here.

## How Amazing New less run Stockings Combat Runs and Act to End the 6 Beauty-Robbing Faults of Ordinary Silk Hosiery

NO question but that this offer of a pair of dull-finish sheer crepe not ordinary low-twist Sheer Chiffon Admiration less run Silk Stockings—full-fashioned hose—which sell at leading stores for \$2.00—is a breaking bargain—saves you 50¢. Not only that—it brings you two great advantages: a remarkable new conception in value and wear in a silk stocking. And while what in a form children revel in like a party dish! Once you wear these marvelous less run Stockings, you'll want to thank the Admiration people for developing them. Designed to overcome the principal causes of runs, they also help amazingly to end the 6 common stocking faults. And enhance the beauty of the leg.

Runs occur when thread or yarn breaks. The weaker the thread, the quicker the break. One cause of weakness is silk with little or no elasticity or strength. This lack of strength and stretch is due to insufficient twisting of the silk.

When highly twisted, you can't break a piece of string which you ordinarily snap in two. The silk in less run Admiration Crepe Chiffon Stockings is twisted 2½ times more than low-twist Sheer Chiffon. In addition, these stockings have the famous Mystery stretch and double-weight top welt to help end garter runs.

The unusual elasticity of these silk stockings shows to advantage in the heels—they won't wrinkle. Stretch the whole stocking. See how it snaps back into shape. Elasticity plays another important part! Stockings can make legs ugly by making knees look "hony"—the call "fat"—the ankle "thick"—due to lack of elasticity and skimping on silk. This Admiration less run Stocking has more "cours" (threads per inch) than in ordinary low-twist chiffon.

Then, too, these stockings are guaranteed free from rings, stripes and fuzz. And there's no sleazy, cottony, after-washing look. Col-

ors are set fast. Shades are authentic. They're spot and splash-proofed. And with triple 100% silk toes reinforced heels—smartest for the new heelless and toeless shoes. Every stocking inspected 5 times. Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Try a pair. Check your favorite new fall color and size and mail tomorrow. You'll be delighted with Admiration less run Stockings. And your family will rave about Wheaties.

### A Remarkable Whole Wheat Invention

Everybody knows the cereal that's "an entering and stirring in the childish fancy as a French confectioin"—Wheaties. Over the past 4 years these crispy, crunchy, gold-brown, toasted flakes have been America's fastest growing cereal. Sufficient testimony to the magic taste of this amazing whole wheat creation.

But what you may not know is that Wheaties are discovered to be a superior source of amino compounds necessary to the building of muscle tissue compared with corn or rice. Then, too, Wheaties contain all of the bran with its valuable phosphorus and iron. The fruit, milk and sugar in a "Breakfast of Champions" combine to furnish additional Protein, Carbohydrate, Calcium and other minerals and Vitamins A, B, C and G.

Thus, when you serve Wheaties, you give your child three things: 1) whole wheat with its excellent food-energy properties; 2) whole wheat in a form children revel in like a party dish; 3) Vitamin B to help promote a normal appetite—add pounds and inches. Try Wheaties on your child and family. They'll thank you for serving this tasty, delicious breakfast dish. Get 2 packages from your grocer tomorrow. And—send the sales slip and 50¢ with order blank for a pair of genuine Admiration less run Silk Stockings. You'll be glad you did.

GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Miss Margaret Brown, noted model, says—  
"I love Admiration less run Stockings not only because they save money, but because they actually glorify the contours of the leg."

## How It Acts To END THESE 6 FAULTS\*



**TOP RING** Lack of "stretch" in the welt around the top of garter cause of runs to Fig. 1. In the famous all-silk "Mystery stretch" less run Stocking, the double welt "A", the point welt "B", and the cushion welt "C" make a 3-welt safeguard against top runs.



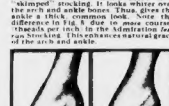
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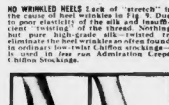
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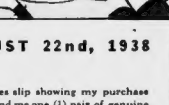
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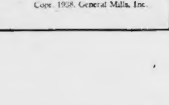
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**YOUR CHOICE of Autumn's 3 Smartest New Colors**

SUN TAN ☐ Write your size in 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2

HALLOWEEN BEIGE ☐ Write your size in 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2

NEUTRAL ☐ Write your size in 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2

**OFFER CLOSES AUGUST 22nd, 1938**

WHEATIES, Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen: Enclosed is 50¢ (coin) and a sales slip showing my purchase of 2 packages of Wheaties, for which please send me one (1) pair of genuine Admiration less run Stockings (in the color and size I have checked at left) as advertised, postpaid! Thank you for this opportunity to save money and serve Wheaties to my family.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Note: This offer good only within the continental limits of the United States. Copy, 1938, General Mills, Inc.